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S. MOUTRIE & CO., LTD.

The China Mail.

ESTABLISHED 1845

December 10, 1921, Temperature 60

Barometer 30.10

Rainfall 1.01 inch

Humidity 45

December 10, 1920, Temperature 60

THIS ARROW GOES
STRAIGHT
TO
ULLMANN'S
DO
THE SAME
FOLLOW IT


No. 18438 六拜禮 號一月二十年一十二百九千一

HONGKONG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1921

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COMMENCING TO-DAY UNTIL DECEMBER 10th.
WE SHALL ALLOW
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DISCOUNT
ON
GALLIE ART WARE.
J. ULLMANN & CO.
HONGKONG

TO-DAY'S CABLES.

(Reuter's Service to the China Mail.)

PACIFIC EASTERN TREATY.

CHINA'S WIDE DEMANDS.

NOT ACCEPTABLE THINKS BALFOUR.

WASHINGTON, December 8.

A communique states that the Far Eastern committee met on December 8. All the delegates were present except Senator Underwood, S. Ricci, Baron Shidehara, and S. Moreau.

Mr. Wellington Koo said that the essential principle laid down in point three of the Chinese proposals was that the Chinese Government should have prior notification before negotiations for any treaty or agreement affecting Chinese interests. Agreements were frequently made relating to the Far East or China particularly without the participation of China or previous notice to the Chinese Government. He proposed that the powers should agree not to conclude between themselves any treaty or agreement directly affecting China, the Pacific, or the Far East without previously notifying China and giving her an opportunity to participate.

CURBING ACQUISITIVE POWERS.

Mr. Balfour expressed sympathy with the broad aspirations of Mr. Wellington Koo and emphasised the Committee's desire to remove as far as possible the abnormal conditions in China and bring relations with China into normal course with the policy regulating relations between civilised states. He thought it was the hope of all present to place China in a position to defend her neutrality as she would no longer be a prey to acquisitive powers. He thought this was more likely to be attained by dealing with China's difficulties as by one rather than by adopting the broad principle proposed by Mr. Wellington Koo.

REAL REMEDY.

Another method which ought to be still more fruitful must depend on China herself. All the Conference could do was to see that no undue limitation was placed on China's sovereign independence and to give all the help in its power towards the creation of a pure and vigorous administration. He could not see how that position could be helped by the principle proposed by the Chinese delegation which was a good deal beyond any existing principle of international law. Mr. Wellington Koo's principle involved limitation of the treaty-making rights of the powers which was hardly acceptable. The great remedy for the evil of uncreditable treaties was publicity.

CHINA'S OBLIGATION.

Mr. Balfour pointed out that all the members of the League of Nations and the United States by its constitution were bound to publish treaties. That was the real protection for China.

Mr. Hughes emphasised that the conference did not wish to interfere but wished to help China establish a sound government. Agreement to respect the integrity and sovereignty of China implied agreement by China to respect the integrity of other powers. Each power should be free to make the agreements necessary to preserve its proper interests.

CHINA'S INTEGRITY.

WASHINGTON, December 4.

A communique states that the Far Eastern Committee's resolution cabled on December 8 suggested by Sir Auckland Geddes with slight modifications provided that the powers attending the conference declare their intention "not to enter into any treaty, agreement, arrangement or understanding with one another, or individually, or collectively with any power, or powers, which infringe or impair the principles declared by the resolution adopted by the committee on November 21," namely Senator Root's resolution declaring the territorial and administrative integrity of China.

PACIFIC AGREEMENT.

WASHINGTON, December 9.

The powers' agreement on Pacific questions has been approved by their respective Governments. The text of the agreement will be announced by Mr. Hughes at the forthcoming plenary session. It is understood that the question of the Pacific fortifications will be settled on a basis of non-extension of existing naval facilities and fortifications.

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON'S DEATH.

FRIEND OF BLINDED SOLDIERS.

LONDON, December 9.

The Minister of Pensions has telegraphed his condolences to Lady Pearson. He says the whole Empire will mourn one who above all was a friend of the blinded soldiers.

AMERICAN HUMANITARIAN LIVES.

CREW ESCAPE THROUGH TORREDO TUBES.

NEW YORK, December 9.

The submarine S-40, from the New York harbor, has escaped through the torpedo tubes.

THE DOLLAR.

To-day's closing rate 2/7 1/8.

To-day's opening rate 2/7 1/8.

SINN FEIN CABINET SPLIT.

LONDON NOT ALARMED.

MAJORITY FAVOUR RATIFICATION.

GENERAL ELECTION RUMOUR.

LONDON, December 9.

While Mr. De Valera's message revealing a split in the Sinn Fein Cabinet on the Irish treaty shows there are rocks ahead, there is little disposition in London to take an alarmist view, seeing that four of the cabinet ministers constituting a majority favour ratification, including the influential Mr. Griffith and the Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Michael Collins. Mr. Griffith has issued a counterblast saying that he will stand by the treaty in the belief that the end of centuries of conflict is at hand.

Moreover, the mass of the Irish people evidently favour peace as the news of its signature followed by the immediate release of thousands of interned persons led to rejoicings in South Ireland.

No news since the armistice has made a happier impression in Britain, the Dominions and the United States. Congratulations have poured into Downing Street from every part of the world.

BELFAST COOL.

A statement of Ulster's attitude is not expected until after Sir James Craig's interview with Mr. Lloyd George to-day. Sir James Craig came to London specially to seek elucidation of certain points in the treaty. Belfast received the news of the agreement coolly.

The King opens a special session of Parliament on December 14, called to ratify the settlement and re-assembles in the new year to pass the necessary bill, after which owing to the important constitutional changes involved Parliament is expected to be dissolved. There is talk of a general election in February.

PRINCE'S WONDERFUL WELCOME.

VIVID EVENING PAGEANT.

A PICTURESQUE PROCESSION.

BHARATPUR, December 9.

A wonderful evening pageant illuminated the plateau in the Prince of Wales honour. When the Prince arrived with the Maharaja the hillside burst into a vast shimmering device in which the Prince of Wales feathers were silhouetted. The procession was most impressive and in grandeur, slowly rolled by to the accompaniment of a military band alternating with the skirl of native bagpipes. Elephants, camels lions and tigers played their part. When the native infantry swung past the Prince of Wales led the enthusiastic applause in tribute to their war-time services. These were succeeded by white robed cavalry who flitted out of the gloom like ghosts to the sounds of weird native music on old-time instruments. Quaint touches of incongruity were introduced by an elephant battery of brass cannon followed by a caterpillar tractor hauling modern guns, also an ox transport on whose heels was a column of the latest type of motors. A number of other vivid features contributed to a really marvellous display.

The Prince left for Lucknow after an all day wild duck shoot and a state banquet.

LUCKNOW, December 9.

Replying to a municipal address, the Prince of Wales dwelt on the city's historic associations, fame and present day importance.

VISIT TO RANGOON.

BHARATPUR, December 9.

The Prince of Wales' eventful visit concludes a successful tour of the native states and the Rajputana including Bikanir and Baroda upon which he started following his arrival at Bombay and a flying visit to Poona. The Prince now proceeds to Lucknow en route to Calcutta, after which he leaves for Rangoon, returning to India in January when he visits Madras, Delhi, Central India, and Peshawar, leaving from Karachi in March for Japan.

ONE A MINUTE.

CARGO FLEET SOLD.

LONDON, December 9.

On the Baltic, Exchange a fleet of ten cargo steamers was sold in ten minutes for £290,000. The cargoes of the ships were world-wide, including the Far East, but there were only twenty bids.

STRAITS LOAN SUCCESS.

LARGER APPLICANTS SHARE.

LONDON, December 9.

It is understood that the larger applicants for the Straits loan have received allocations at 75 per cent.

BUSINESS NOTICES

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REMOVAL SALE
SOFT FELT HATS
\$5.00 each**

A large selection at \$6.50 each

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Men's Wear Specialists.
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Manufacturers of Woolen Hosiery, Jerseys, Sweaters &
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FIRST CLASS TAILOR
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A LINK WITH THE "45."

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HONGKONG-SHAMSHUI-WUCHOW.

In the splendid and luxuriously appointed 600 tons Motor Ship
"KONG NING" between Hongkong, Shamshui, Shiu Hing through the
LOVELIEST SCENERY ON THE WEST RIVER TO WUCHOW.
SPLENDID 1st and 2nd class passenger accommodations; large
and airy berth cabins on upper deck; no port holes but large airy
windows; fitted throughout with electric light and fans, etc.

M. S. "KONG NING"

Steamers. Leave Hongkong. Leave Shamshui. Leave Wuchow.
Kong Ning. Saturday, Dec. 11. Kong Ning. Wednesday, Dec. 14.
Kong Ning. Thursday, Dec. 15. Kong Ning. Tuesday, Dec. 13.

Round trips (each way) 5 days, including meals and 24 hours day
for laundry, Wuchow, \$10.00.
For further particulars apply to
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LAMMERT BROS.AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS
AND SURVEYORS.
Public AuctionsTHE Undersigned have received instructions
to sell by Public Auction,
on**TUESDAY, December 13, 1921,**
commencing at 2.45 p.m.
at "Marguerite" No. 1 Carnarvon
Road, Kowloon.A Quantity of
valuable Household Furniture,
Comprising:—Teak sideboard with bevelled mirror,
Glass cabinet, Extension Dining table,
Leather covered dining chairs, Music
stand, Curtains, Brasses, Ornaments,
etc., etc.Brass and Teak bedsteads, Dressing
tables, Occasional tables, Screens, Pic-
tures, Mantel Clock, etc., etc.Fine Carpets and Rugs,
(most of the above furniture is practi-
cally new and made by Messrs. Powells
& Lane, Crawford & Co.)Also
One Baby Grand Piano by "Collard
& Collard"One IX Victrola in splendid condi-
tion with record cabinet and Records.
On view from Monday, the 12th inst.Catalogues will be issued.
Terms—Cash on delivery.**LAMMERT BROS.,**
Auctioneers.

Hongkong, December 7, 1921.

**PARTICULARS AND CONDITION
OF SALE**The Steamship,
"KONG CHOW"(formerly S. S. "KWONG TAI")
as she now lies off Samshui in the
Harbour of Hongkong together with her
gear, and appurtenances.To be sold by
ORDER OF THE MORTGAGEEby
PUBLIC AUCTIONon
FRIDAY,the 16th day of December, 1921,
at 3 o'clock p.m.IN ONE LOT
by
Messrs. LAMMERT BROTHERS,
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Steamship "KONG CHOW"The Ship is a Chinese ship registered
at Canton and of a net tonnage of 370.Her dimensions are:—
Length ... 113.8 ft.
Breadth ... 23.45 ft.
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F. E. NASH Esq.
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10, Queen's Road Central,
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Hongkong, December 7, 1921.

**Peels Off Corns
Between Toes**The Great Corn Loosener of the Age.
Never Fails. Painless.A corn mashed, squeezed and
crushed, all day long, in between toes
will cause you to try the desperate way
and try to dig it out and fail. Oryou can try the sensible, peaceful,
painless way and use "Gels-it".
It is easy for you with "Gels-it" to
remove corns in places difficult to
reach."Gels-it" is a liquid—a wonder-
ful painless formula—it has never
been successfully imitated. It seeps
on the corn, and does immedi-
ately. Instead of digging out the
corn, you peel it out painlessly.
There is no sticky plaster that does
not remain in position, no snave that
irritates or rubs off. You reach the
corn easily with the little glass rod
in the cork of every "Gels-it" bottle.
It does not hurt the true flesh. Try
it, walk comfortably and smile. It
is a blessing never fails."Gels-it" the guaranteed, money-
back, corn-remover, the only sure
way, costs but a trifle at all chemists
and druggists. Mfgd by E. Lawrence &
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Parasitis, Gout, Piles, Colic, Hysteria,
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38 Klause Road, SHANGHAI**INTIMATIONS****ELECTRIC MOTORS****ELECTRIC VACUUM
CLEANERS****"NIFISK"****COMPLETE ELECTRIC
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Garden Seeds, Pictorial Post Cards, etc.No. 10, Wyndham Street,
P. O. Box 620. Hongkong**MASSAGE.****Mrs. HONDA and Mrs. KISAKI.**
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MADE TO ORDER.**CHERRY & CO.,**PEDDER STREET,
Opposite Hongkong HotelTelephone No. 491,
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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

DIARRHOEA, and is the only**Specific in CHOLERA and****DYSENTERY.**Chlorodyne is a liquid taken in drops, graduated according to the malady. It invariably
relieves pain of whatever kind; creates a calm refreshing sleep; allays irritation
of the nervous system when all other remedies fail; leaves no bad effects;
and can be taken when no other medicine can be tolerated.**CONVINCING MEDICAL TESTIMONY WITH EACH BOTTLE**

None Genuine without the words Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne on the Stamp.

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FEVER, CROUP, AGUE.

The Best Remedy known for

COUGHS, COLDS,**ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**

The only Palliative in

NEURALGIA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM.**C & B TABLE DELICACIES**

NOTHING FINER—BOTTLED OR CANNED.

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Delicacies are Quality, Purity and Freshness.

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OXFORD SAUSAGES, OATMEAL, OILS, VINEGAR & TINNED FISH.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL Ltd.

Agents for the Straits Settlements and F.M.S.

CHURCH NOTES**THE THIRD SUNDAY IN
ADVENT.**To-morrow we consider the fore-
runner of the first Advent of Our
Lord, S. John the Baptist, who may
be regarded as the last prophet of the
Old Dispensation and the first of the
New. The first part of the Collect
speaks of him so that we are at once
led to consider that weird and
pathetic figure of the wilderness,
standing up to exhort to repentance
all those who come to listen to him.
Clad in his scanty girdle of camel's
hair, he was a curious preacher to
stand up and denounce the stately
pharisees in their flowing robes, so
that his picture as a prophet has
become one of the most outstanding
of religious history.Although his ministry was un-
doubtedly successful, yet he suffered
as every prophet before him had done,
being imprisoned and eventually
beheaded to appease the wrath of a
woman.The second part of the collect
speaks of the "ministers and stewards"
of the Church of the present day,
showing that they must follow the
example of S. John Baptist in
bravely proclaiming the
severe warning of repentance from sin.
Grant that ministers and stewards
of Thy mysteries may likewise so pre-
pare and make ready Thy way by
turning the hearts of the disobedient
to the wisdom of the just. This
prayer does not only refer to the
ministry of the Catholic Church, but
also to the laity, and thus the lessons
for this Sunday remind us all of our
sacred commission of preparing the
way for the second coming of Christ
regardless of the persecution which
must necessarily ensue. The world
wants someone who will utter smooth
platitudes, guaranteed not to hurt the
most tender consciences, so that the
man who dares to condemn the sins
of the age is a marked man and
regarded as a nuisance; but in spite of
this the real need is for men of the S.
John Baptist spirit who will fearlessly
cry, "Repent ye for the kingdom of
heaven is at hand."On Tuesday we commemorate S.
Lucy, a Virgin and Martyr (A. D. 303),
of whose history nothing certain
is known. In fact the whole of the
eight commemorations of Virgin
Martyrs in the English Calendar rest
on the most unreliable sources, being
surrounded with an atmosphere of
pious fable romance. Whilst all S.
Margaret excepted, who is apparently
a mythical person, have probably
some genuine historical foundation,
it is impossible to disentangle it from
the legends which have mixed them-
selves with it. S. Lucy's day
regulates the December Ember days.**A GERM DESTROYER**THERE is no danger whatever from
lock jaw or blood poisoning resulting
from a wound when Chamberlain's Pain
Balm is promptly applied. It is an
antiseptic and destroys the germs which
cause these diseases. It also causes
the blood to flow freely, thus purifying
it and in one day the wound required for
the usual treatment. It is sold by all
Chemists and Druggists.Friday is known as Q Sapietia,
one of the most curious markings in
the Prayer Book. The entry "O
Sapietia" in the Calendar, points
out the day on which the eight
Greater Anthems were formerly com-
menced, being sung daily before and
after the Magnificat at Vespers in Ad-
vent, from December 16 to December
23 inclusive. They are sometimes
called the "O's of Advent," since the
Anthem or Antiphon for each of the
eight days named begins with "O."
They are all addressed to our Lord. In
the Calendar of the Sarum Breviary
the entry at December 16 is—*Hic
incipit O Sapietia* (Here "O
Sapietia" begins). In the Calendar
prefixed to Cosin's Devotions
we find at December 16, "O Sapietia,
an Antiphon, anciently sung in the
Church (for the honour of Christ's
Advent) from this day till Christmas
eve." Five of the "O's of Advent
are given, in wrong order, in the
familiar hymn, "O come, O come,
Emmanuel."Next Wednesday, Friday and
Saturday are Ember Days, set apart
for prayer in connection with those
who are to be ordained on the Sunday
before Christmas. The lessons of
to-morrow are intimately connected
with the idea of ordinations, being
concerned with the ministers and
stewards who proclaim God's
messages.Last Sunday the Bishop held a Con-
firmation Service at the Chinese
Church, West Point.To-morrow the new reredos (which
some authorities would call a sanc-
tuary-screen) at St. John's Cathedral
is going to be dedicated by the Bishop.
As the work was completed before the
Chaplain's return, the dedication was
delayed—now that he is with us
again, he very properly wishes to have
the work dedicated to its sacred use
as soon as possible.An ordinary form used on such
occasions is: The Bishop (or priest)
wearing a stole of the colour of the
season goes near to the object which
is to be dedicated, and then in an
audible voice says, "Our help is in
the name of the Lord," to which the
people respond, "Who hath made
heaven and earth." Then, after he
has said, "The Lord be with you,"
and the people have responded, "And
with thy spirit," he gives a bidding,
and prays: "O God, by whose word
all things are sanctified, pour forth
Thy blessing upon this (reredos) and
grant that whosoever may by Thy
good will have use of it in the spirit
of grace, may receive health of body
and protection of soul, through the
invocation of Thy most holy Name:
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord."It was with great regret that news
was received this week of the death
in England of Mrs. Britton, who was
the wife of Mr. Britton, the senior
resident-master of St. Stephen's
College. Owing to poor health, she
went home some months ago, and
then, in response to an urgent cable,
Mr. Britton followed about two
months ago.The Church Congress, held at Bir-
mingham in October, had a smaller
attendance than usual, this probably
being due to the fact that there were
so many conferences this last Summer.**HIMROD'S****Asthma
Cure**GIVES INSTANT RELIEF.
No matter what your respiratory organs may be suffering from, whether ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, or any other ordinary cough, you will find in this famous remedy a restorative power that is simply irresistible. FAMED FOR FIFTY YEARS.
Sold in this by all Chemists and Druggists throughout the Country. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.There was the usual wide range of
subjects for discussion and the usual
extremes of Church thought, so that
the deliberations make interesting
reading as indicating the factors at
work in Christianity to-day.
It should be remembered that
utterances made may not be looked
upon as voicing the opinion of the
Church, and a speaker often makes
remarks which represent only his own
personal convictions. In this connec-
tion one cannot but refer to the
reports in the press concerning the
remarks of Lord Dawson on marriage
and the sex question. Even though
some Churchpeople may agree with
his sentiments on the subject, it must
be remembered that the opinions
expressed at the Lambeth Conference
differed very much from his, and we
may not therefore think that because
Lord Dawson has said so-and-so the
Church must agree with him.In connection with the church's
ministry of healing a Spiritual Heal-
ing Fellowship has been formed at
home and local Churchpeople interest-
ed in the subject may care to become
associated with it. It is not quite
clear who the secretary is, but as the
Bishop of Kensington was chairman
at a conference in connection with the
Fellowship held at Church House it
is obvious that he could give replies
to any of our queries.The Bishop, at this conference drew
attention to the challenge put forth
by the Lambeth Conference of 1920 to
the members of the Church, and in
special to the clergy, to revive their
spiritual power in dealing with all the
disorders of human life. Able
speakers, such as Prebendary Carlisle,
Mr. Maillard, Dr. Lomax, Mr. Newland
Smith and Mr. Wynne, spoke or read
papers on the subject, in hand, and
a firm conviction was expressed that
it was imperative for clergy and laity
to think very earnestly about the
ways and means of reviving the
dominant healing powers of the Church
of England.The relation of the laying on of
hands to the Sacrament of Anointing
was raised; this elicited valuable
testimony that whilst the laying on
of hands with Prayer for the Sick is
scriptural in origin sacramental in
character, yet that it is Anointing
which is regarded as the approved
sacrament of the Church, being
scriptural and catholic in usage.Prebendary Carlisle illustrated from
his personal experience the close con-
nection to be traced between the
ministry of physical healing and the
phenomenon of spiritual conversion.The Bishop of Bloisfontaine is angry
with priests in England who attend
such conferences as the Anglo-Catholic
Convention, and show great en-
thusiasm, and yet do not apply
(Continued on Page 3)**NOTICES.****G. FALCONER & CO., LTD.****WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.****Hotel Mansions.**Agents for:—ADMIRALTY CHARTS,
ROSS'S BINOCULARS and TELESCOPES,
KELVIN'S NAUTICAL INSTRUMENTS,
BENSON'S ENGLISH WATCHES,
ENGLISH SILVERWARE, direct from Manufacturers,
High-Class English Jewellery.**EAST POINT GARAGE.**

EWO STREET.

(ON TRAMWAY ROUTE TO CAUSEWAY BAY.)

The management beg to inform the public that the above new
and commodious Garage is now open for their inspection.
Cars may be garaged in separate lock-up stalls at \$15.00 per month.
Repairs of all kinds executed at reasonable rates with satisfaction
guaranteed.

TELEPHONE No. 3422.

DO YOU KNOW THAT YOUR OLD WINTER SUITS
CAN BE MADE NEW AT**KADER'S HOSPITAL FOR SICK CLOTHES?**

THE HONGKONG DYEING & CLEANING CO.,

(Contractors to H. M. Navy), 17, Yee Wo Street, East.

Just Telephone 2218, and Our Man will be right there.

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DEALER IN

Chilli Sauce, Tomato Sauce, Chilli Powder, Pepper, Sour Fruit,

Curry Powder, and any Powder, Sauce, Etc.

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(Hongkong)

REPULSE BAY HOTEL

(Repulse Bay)

PENINSULA HOTEL

(Kowloon)

(projected)

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SHOW ROOMS**

(Pedder Street)

RUSSELL STREET GARAGE**REPULSE BAY GARAGE****THE PEAK HOTEL.**

1,500 Feet above Sea Level.

15 Minutes from Landing Stage.

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Mrs. BLAIR.**PALACE HOTEL KOWLOON**

(Two minutes from Star Ferry)

Recently renovated and furnished, electric light and fans throughout
and entirely under new management. Cuisine under the personal supervision
of the proprietor, Bar and Billiard Rooms. Terms moderate. Special terms to
families on application to

Telephone K. 3. Telegraphic Add.: "PALACE."

J. H. OXBERRY

Hughes & Hough
AUCTIONEERS TO THE GOVERNMENT
AND ADMIRALTY.

Equal Contractors
General Brokers.
PUBLIC AUCTIONS

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction, (for account of the concerned),

TUESDAY,
December 13, 1921, commencing at 11 a.m. at their Sales Rooms, No. 8, Des Vaux Road, Corner of Ice House Street,
Several Lots of
Valuable St. Lambert Glass Ware, Venetian Coloured Electric Lamps, Marble Statuettes, Fancy Goods,
Also
a few pairs Special Blankets and Rugs.
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH
Auctioneers.
Hongkong, December 7, 1921.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED),
ON
TUESDAY,
December 13, 1921, commencing at 11 a.m., at their Sales Rooms, No. 8, Des Vaux Road, Corner of Ice House Street,
TEAKWOOD AND BLACKWOOD FURNITURE, BRASS AND TEAKWOOD TWIN BEDSTEADS, CARPETS,
&c., &c., &c.,
Comprising:—
Dining Suites, Chesterfield Sofas, Arm-chairs (new), Card and Occasional Tables, Teakwood Twin Bedsteads, large and small Wardrobes, Dressing Tables and Chairs, Washstands, &c., (fumed Teakwood), Sideboards, Dinner Wagons, Dinner Services, Crockery, & Glass Ware, Cooking Stoves, Cutlery, &c., Electro-plated Ware,
Electric Reading Lamps, Screens, Sundry Blackwood Furniture, Chairs, Cabinets, Pictures,
Also
One Baby Grand Piano by Broadwood.
(Full Particulars from Catalogue).
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH
Auctioneers.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED),
ON
THURSDAY,
December 15, 1921, commencing at 11 a.m., at their Sales Rooms, No. 8, Des Vaux Road, Corner of Ice House Street,
A quantity of Woollen Suit Lengths, Tweeds, Watow Drawn-work and
Embroidered Sundries.
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH
Auctioneers.
Hongkong, December 7, 1921.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED),
ON
SATURDAY,
December 17, 1921, at 10.30 a.m. & 3.30 p.m., at their Sales Rooms, No. 8, Des Vaux Road, Corner of Ice House Street,
TOYS FOR XMAS GIFTS
Also
Large quantity Xmas Crackers, Sundries, Wine and Liqueurs.
On view afternoon before date of Sale.
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH
Auctioneers.
Hongkong, December 8, 1921.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED),
ON
SATURDAY,
December 17, 1921, at 10.30 a.m. & 3.30 p.m., at their Sales Rooms, No. 8, Des Vaux Road, Corner of Ice House Street,
TOYS FOR XMAS GIFTS
Also
Large quantity Xmas Crackers, Sundries, Wine and Liqueurs.
On view afternoon before date of Sale.
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH
Auctioneers.
Hongkong, December 8, 1921.

MARTIN'S
APIOL-STEEL
PILLS
A French Remedy for all Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Migraine, Stomachic, Indigestion, Liver and Biliary Disorders, and all cases of Chronic Inflammation. It is the only medicine that cures these ailments. It is a powerful diuretic and purgative, and its action is rapid and reliable. It is a French Preparation, and its name is on the wrapper. It is sold in all the principal Pharmacies and Chemists. It is a French Preparation, and its name is on the wrapper. It is sold in all the principal Pharmacies and Chemists.

PALACE MOTOR Co., Ltd.
Phone Central 644
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New Cars for Hire, & For Sale.
Private Cars garaged.
Repairing Cars a Speciality.

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25 WORDS 3 INSERTIONS.
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Every additional word 4 Cents for 3 insertions.

WANTED.
WANTED:—ONE LARGE OFFICE ROOM or TWO SMALL ROOMS closely together in central locality. Apply Box No. 80 regarding rent and situation.

FOR SALE.
MOTORLAUNCH.—Fitted with large Cabin, Lavatory, Pantry, etc. Electric light throughout. Length 39' 6" Beam 8' 0" Draft 2' 6" Engine 32—40 H.P. Redwing (Kerosene) speed 9 1/2 miles, good sea boat, in first class condition. Apply Box 1338, c/o "China Mail."

PERSONAL.
RICHARD BEAUCHAMP is requested to communicate with Messrs. Thos. Cork & Son, Hongkong.

PUBLIC AUCTION.
G. R.
PUBLIC AUCTION.

PARTICULARS AND Conditions of the letting by Public Auction Sale, to be held on **MONDAY, the 12th day of December, 1921, at 3 p.m.,** at the Offices of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor, of **ONE LOT of CROWN LAND** at Shaikwan, in the Colony of Hongkong, for a term of 75 years, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for one further term of 75 years.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Containing in Square Feet	Annual Rent	Upset Price
N.	S.	E.	W.			
1	100	Shaikwan Island, Lot No. 151 & 152	Southward	As per sale plan	150	\$ 750
2	101	Shaikwan Island, Lot No. 151 & 152	Southward	As per sale plan	112	\$ 560

PARTICULARS AND Conditions of the letting by Public Auction Sale, to be held on **MONDAY, the 12th day of December, 1921, at 3 p.m.,** at the Offices of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor, of **ONE LOT of CROWN LAND** at Waichai Road, in the Colony of Hongkong, for a term of 75 years, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for one further term of 75 years.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Containing in Square Feet	Annual Rent	Upset Price
N.	S.	E.	W.			
1	102	Waichai Road, Lot No. 201	Westward	As per sale plan	200	\$ 1,000

OPPORTUNITY
SWEETS, SWEETS & SWEETS.
We have received Notice from the Landlord to vacate from our premises, The Old Post Office Buildings, on the 13th instant, and we offer all sorts of goods in stock to our Customers for cash sale at the lowest prices as follows:—

Chocolate:—
Original Price \$1.20 per lb.
Now only 80 cts. "
Carr & Co. Bisquit:—
Original Price \$2.00 per tin
Now only \$1.40 "

Sweets:—
Original Price 40 cts. per lb.
Now only 25 cts. "
&c., &c., &c.
Customers should not miss this opportunity to do their Xmas Shopping.

BLUE BIRD CAFE,
Old Office Post Buildings, Hongkong.

INTIMATIONS
MEMORIAL SERVICE
for the late
DR. G. P. JORDAN.
SUNDAY, December 11th, at 9.30 a.m.
St. Stephen's Church,
Polkadam Road.
O. E. SHANN, M. A.
T. W. PEARCE, LL. D.
N. T. MACKINTOSH, M. A.
WONG YAN KWONG.
HONGKONG UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

LEAGUE OF FELLOWSHIP AND SERVICE.
A GENERAL MEETING of Members will be held in the CITY HALL, on **MONDAY, the 12th December, 1921, at 5.15 p.m.** for the purpose of amending the Rules, if thought fit, as follows:—
By amending Rule 2 so as to read as follows:—
"2. The objects for which the League is formed are:—
(i) To promote good fellowship and peace between all Nations.
(ii) To promote good fellowship with in the Colony, irrespective of race, class, and creed;
(iii) To promote matters which shall be of service to the Community."
By amending Rule 4 by the addition, at the end thereof, of the words:—
"Any person may become a Life Member by paying the sum of fifty dollars."
and also for the purpose of electing Officers and Committees for the ensuing year, and discussing the future programme of the League.
Hongkong, December 5, 1921.

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE.
(Corner of Bauham Road and Western Street).
THE NEW YEAR SCHOOL YEAR commences on January 4th. Examination of New Students on January 3rd, at 9.30 a.m.
For terms & prospectus, apply
THE WARDEN,
ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE.
Hongkong, December 3, 1921.

NOTICE
WE have this day REMOVED our Office to No. 6, Des Vaux Road above the Bank of Canton, Ltd.
ARRATTON V. APGAR & CO.
Hongkong, December 6, 1921.

NOTICE
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the **HONGKONG DOLLAR DIRECTORY** has been acquired, as from July 7th, 1921, by the undersigned, and will be published by them. No claims against the Hongkong Dollar Directory incurred prior to this date will be admitted by the undersigned.
THE NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE LTD
5, Wyndham Street.
Hongkong, July 7, 1921.

CHURCH NOTES.
(Continued from page 2.)
enough of their number to serve abroad. He speaks especially of those priests who have private incomes and who settle down in comfortable English parishes where there is comparatively an abundance of clergy, and do not go where there is real work to be done as in the large dioceses of South Africa. There is much truth in the bishop's complaint, and perhaps the reason is that too many of the clergy have private incomes; and these are the snakes which cause them to give way to the temptation of leading an easy life at home. It is a pity that all clergy are not poor men, for then our bishops would have more control in dividing up their efforts so that the various parts of the whole Church might be served equally.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford devoted October 2nd, as a special day of reparation for "the deplorable utterances of several learned and influential dignitaries and other ministers of the Anglican Church concerning the Incarnation and Divinity of Our Lord, His miracles, His Resurrection, the Virginity of His Blessed Mother, and many others of the fundamentals of Christianity." Members of the Roman Communion must not think they make this sacred protest alone, for many of their Anglican brothers feel just as strongly concerning the unhappy statements lately made by those who should be stalwarts of the Faith in England.

The cemetery gardeners who look after the British graves in the Ypres Salient are discharged British soldiers, and this is just as we would have it and as the fallen would have wished. They have to lodge for the most part in small establishments with no home comforts or means of occupying their free hours. Thanks to the Church Army, which has lent a hut, the gardeners have made a club where they may all meet together, and many walk for miles to enjoy the consolation of the social intercourse thus provided.

HEALING MADE EASY!

When You Out Yourself, Simply Wash the Place, Apply Zam-Buk, and Bandage Up. Nature and ZAM-BUK WILL DO THE REST.

THE wonderful power of Zam-Buk comes from its unique composition and the novel scientific way in which Zam-Buk's rich herbal ingredients are blended together.

Zam-Buk is really an ingenious substance designed to do Nature's healing. It is an improvement even on those rare herbal balms which the Roman Gladiators and Grecian Athletes of Classic days exclusively and successfully depended upon for healing purposes. There is nothing known to science that is capable of such **Marvellous Curative Action** on the skin as Zam-Buk.

When Zam-Buk is applied to a cut, bruise, burn, or scald, germ-infection and blood-poison are prevented, and quick, natural healing ensues.

Those distressing afflictions of Poisoned Sores, Ulcers, and Bad Legs, Ringworms and Scalp Sores, burning Eczema and aggravating Piles are all relieved and cured by careful treatment with this splendid herbal preparation.

Zam-Buk is the greatest and most universal healing substance in the world, and a pot should be kept handy in every home.

Of all chemists and medicine vendors in Hongkong, Shanghai, and throughout the Far East, if you have difficulty in obtaining, send postage stamp to The Zam-Buk Mfg. Co., Leeds, England, for trial sample and address of nearest agent.

Zam-Buk
GROWS NEW SKIN.

—you're in luck!

Whenever you get that "Satisfy" hunch, play it! Steer straight for the nearest store and invest in **Chesterfields**. This combination of fine Turkish tobaccos, blended with the best American tobaccos will give you a new cigarette enjoyment because

They Satisfy
—and the blend can't be copied

Chesterfield CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Benguet Consolidated Mining Co.

CAPITAL STOCK:
Pesos 700,000 divided into 1,000,000 shares.

A sound, conservative enterprise with an exceptional technical staff, a modern plant and a long life before it.

For many years it has been the largest dividend payer on the Manila share market; and owns to-day the richest gold-mine in the Far East.

Agents:
MOXON & TAYLOR,
HONGKONG

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JAMES STEER
THE CHRONOMETER AND WATCH MAKER
(Contractor to H. M. Naval Yard)
9, Ice House Street, Hongkong

WINES AND SPIRITS

ASSORTED CASES FOR XMAS.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD VALUE.

CASE No. 1 \$30.00		CASE No. 2 \$35.00	
2	Bottles St. Etienne Claret	1	Gin
2	Port, Full Bodied	1	Vermouth
2	Vino de Pasto, Sherry	1	Cacao a la Vanille M.B.R.
2	Gin	CASE No. 3 \$40.00	
1	Superior Pale Brandy	1	Bottle St. Marceaux Champagne
1	"E" Whisky	1	Manzanilla Sherry
1	Green Menthe, M. B. R.	1	Superior Light Port
CASE No. 2 \$35.00		1	Dry Gin
1	Bottle St. Marceaux Champagne	1	"E" Old Brown Brandy
2	St. Etienne Claret	1	"E" Whisky
2	Vino de Pasto Sherry	1	No. 4 Whisky
1	Superior Light Port	1	Dewar's White Label
1	Madeira, Sandeman's	1	Whisky
1	Superior Old Cognac	1	Green Menthe M. B. R.
1	"E" Whisky	2	St. Julien Claret
1	No. 4 Whisky		

The above prices include duty, which will be deducted for Export & Shipping orders. Special cases put up to order.

A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.
PHONE No. 616.

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ACCEPTABLE GIFTS FOR

Ladies and Gentlemen

IN ALL

DEPARTMENTS.

We Specialise in
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Loose Leaf Binders and Books,
Novelties for the Home and Office,
Dennison's Xmas Decorations.**

INSPECTION SOLICITED

DER A. WING & CO.

60, Des Voeux Road, CENTRAL.

BIRTHS.

ANDERSON.—On December 2, 1921, at Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, a daughter.
FENTON.—On December 5, 1921, at Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Fenton, a daughter.
CARNOCHAN.—On December 3, 1921, at Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Carnochan, a daughter.

DEATH.

O'BEN.—Early on the morning of December 5, 1921, at Shanghai, Mr. A. O'Brien (An Ben), Managing Director of The Sincere Company, Limited.

The China Mail.

"TRUTH, JUSTICE, PUBLIC SERVICE."
HONGKONG, SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1921.

ADVERSARIA.

Say! Have you galoots a mean got no love for literature that costs more than ten cents, or have you got no money, or what? I suspect it is what. A fortnight ago I offered to book orders for my autobiography (with history of the Adversarius family) for a mere \$30, and not one order (with remittance) has come in. One Chinese has offered me six cents a copy for the published work. This, to a man of my high tone, is discouraging, and I announce right here and now that, unless I hear from posterity, I retire from authorship.

I am much obliged to my Brother Mr. "OUTLOOK" Whiter (the only really intelligent newspaper writer besides myself in the Colony) for calling my attention to two columns of clearly angry abuse

of myself in Saturday's *Morning Post*. I had glanced through the *Post* and missed it. I am privately considerably flattered by this attack, especially as I think I know the authorship. Based on voluntary confessions of my own in the past, the tirade makes me out a gifted man who has failed; I am described as a "might have been." That is quite true. I am a failure. I ought to have done more in the way of worldly success. I am not obliged (I think) to give the real reason why this happened. It was my own fault. My anonymous assassin does not indicate it. He would not even if he guessed it, for his will is to wound. As! How possibly wound one who is invulnerable, pachydermatous, indurated, dwelling remote as in stellar spaces? He tells a malicious lie. How do I feel? Excited, angry? No. Merely bored by the necessity of pointing it out, when I might be writing something amusing. He says one of my methods is cleverly to twist words so as to attribute some obviously ridiculous statement to those I quote and criticize. That is the lie. I quote with meticulous care and honesty. There has so far been no need, no temptation, to invent or manufacture "ridiculous statements" in the other papers. They provide them lavishly. This is because of their unfitness for their jobs. This would be assassin actually confessions of them—to avoid "clever twisting" of his words I clip the piece—that "For the most part they had been pitched into the profession for no other reason than that it afforded them some sort of a living. Consequently, they had no ambitions and few illusions regarding themselves."

If that is true, they have no right in the profession, no vocation, and the public is insulted and injured by their intrusion. How can you "lead" or "teach"? That has been my point all along. When, in addition to publishing ridiculous statements

by way of teaching, they presume to criticize and contradict and venture to disagree—wow!

I am old, very old. I know that some of my readers at this moment are smiling and enjoying what they suppose to be my feelings. "Caught a tartar, has he? Serve him right. He needs taking down a peg." I can imagine I hear them.

Well, now I'll retire from this trumpery affair with an *ad captandum* manoeuvre that will allow me to get out gracefully. This *Morning Post* thing has it in for you too. He refers to you as "the little crowd of men-skulls who read his [my] weekly effusions regularly because they considered them brilliant."

Aha! Numskulls—and that from a *Morning Post* writer. I slap my paunch and I laugh out loud: "Tis a merry life, good people all. I for one owe it no grudge."

Can make itself very JALOUSIE ridiculous. Why DE MEETEN should a young journalist, whose

highest literary achievement may have been a laboured sonnet in the *Suwaiki*, be so proud to learn from an older hand? They should be glad to profit by my exposures. Suppose I let them wallow in their ignorance? I urge them to Think. I show them how. Are they grateful? No. They put their fat heads together and concoct columns of tedious abuse like that in the *Morning Post*, which wasn't even readable. They admit (in effect) that they were pitchforked into jobs they are unfit for; they have to fill those yawning columns; they have no illusions as to the quality of the filling; they claim that "consideration" should be shown them because of these things. Very well. Grant that that is good argument (which I don't). Does it not apply also to me? Is it not possible that I could not so conveniently fill my columns as by pointing out and making capital of their mistakes? Let them give me the consideration they appeal for. But no! I want none. That was rhetoric. Anything I write must stand or fall on its merits. Show it up if it is ever misleading or false or foolish, and I will probably take another look at it. The fact is that journalism in Hongkong is in a disgraceful way. It is very bad. It looks to me as if the journalists had been pitchforked into the game, and not with a very clean pitchfork, either. Those of my local contemporaries whose work does not look to me like kindergarten products seem to me to have the minds of elderly charwomen, without the common savvy and native wit that those good ladies acquire. I am out to ginger them up a bit. They need it.

The handing back to China of leased territories in China, by various Powers, has been discussed at Washington, and the case of our Kowloon hinterland was mooted. It is a pity that there was none better advised than Mr. Balfour to explain and show that this territory is on a quite different footing to others. He said something fooling about it being necessary to protect Hongkong from artillery on the landward side. It is much more important than that, and much as we sympathise with China's aspirations for complete home rule, we cannot allow the main objection to the return of our hinterland to be overlooked. Has not Sir William Rees Davies pointed out that the Fanning Golf Course is world famous? What would our Civil Service do, if Fanning went back to China? Change is unthinkable. Whatever happens Fanning must abide under the British flag.

At Shanghai EXTRATERRITORIALITY, a policeman has been sentenced to two months imprisonment for technically arresting a foreign gentleman during an opium raid. It was laid down that without a warrant from the Consul concerned, no foreigner can be arrested. I call the attention of the other newspapersmen to the fact that this has bearing on the subject of extraterritoriality. Suppose that a consul could be induced to come "in" on a smuggling deal with his nationals, what then?

When I survey the HUMBLING world around and THINGS, mark how much there is to make me feel humble. I wonder that I have any conceit left. In the presence of youth I am humbled because they have more time than I have. In the presence of age I feel my inferiority in the matter of experience. If I meet a dapper young Portuguese, my collar shames me, for his is resplendent. A high official, having so much more power than I, makes me feel a worm. A wealthy man humiliates me, because I am poor. A good looking woman robs me of all self satisfaction because she has beauty and charm, while I am an ugly animal. In the same way an athlete, a tall man, a healthy man, but you get how such a list must grow, one embarked upon. Believe me, most infants it is no reaching after the reduction ad absurdum that makes me

add that even a flea humbles me, because it is more agile. It is true my emotions are not all pure humility, for I regard him as a trespasser and resent him. In this I surrender to pure prejudice, for he has a vested interest in the human body, and he "must live." It is humbling to the rationalist, you will now observe, to find that there are prejudices even he must share.

I have this week been reading that old book called "Priests, Women, and Families," by Michelet, and was much struck by his observations on the force of habit. So, apparently, was a reader before me, some one who read this same copy in 1850, over 70 years ago! He has put in a marginal note about "unconscious memory—cell bioplasm," which is quite to the point. Says Michelet, "As we advance in life a considerable portion of our activity escapes our notice, removes from the sphere of liberty to enter that of habit, and becomes as we were fated. The fatal part increases within us, without our interference, and grows in the darkness of our inward nature. What formerly struck our attention, now passes unperceived. What was at first difficult, in time grows easy, too easy. At last we can no longer say even that it is easy, for it takes place of its own accord, independently of our will; we suffer if we do not do it. These acts are necessarily renewed. A second nature, formed at the expense of the first, becomes its substitute. We forget the beginnings, and fancy we have always been so."

This applies to habits of thought as well as to others. In thinking the line of least resistance is fatally attractive, and many men imagine they are being true to principle, and to themselves, when they are merely indulging in bad habit. Environment, sometimes "select" and "exclusive," does for some men what Michelet was complaining that a "spiritual director" does for women. This perhaps explains why some highly educated men profess things that seem inconsistent with their intellectual advancement, and are by consequence suspected of hypocrisy by others. From time to time a free mind should have a "stock-taking" of its beliefs and principles, and pay particular attention to the point of where, when, and how it acquired them. This is a very hard thing, and unlikely to be done by the general.

"For Adversarius. Please MISUNDERSTANDING, forward." Envelopes addressed are sent me by the Editor. Each one is opened in a mood of lively, almost anxious speculation. Will it be of the sort that opens abruptly: "Sir, To a fool of your calibre, etc."? Or one of the breezy "Dear Old Thing" kind, with "I think you ought to be told, etc."? One this week calls my attention to a misspelling in the *China Mail* of the name of Harrogate, which our reporter and proof-readers allowed to appear as "Harrowgate." As a fault-finder? Not on your last chance of a ginsling. He simply has a story for me, apropos, and he delivers it thus: A curate staying at the famous spa, and wishing to write a letter, found himself in doubt as to the spelling of the name of the place. Beckoning a waiter in a whisper, for there were others waiting whom he did not wish to disturb: "Is there a 'W' in Harrogate?" The servant was momentarily flabbergasted, but almost instantly answered, "No, Sir." Then confidentially he added "Not since the ostler's wife left here, Sir."

Speaking of the need DOESN'T for giving reasons for KNOW. faith, the Archbishop of Canterbury is reported to have said that "personally, he found that one of the strongest bits of armour when attacked with certain questions was the simple answer 'I do not know.'" Hardly armour, surely? More like "He who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day."

It is not often that a pun is so appropriate as one made on the name of Mr. Bellios' yacht, the *Dwynwen*. The owner was getting anxious about her, as she was weeks overdue at Colombo, where, according to Renter she has just arrived, after being belated on the way from Aden, a "run" which took 46 days, and reduced the crew of ten to biscuit fare. Mr. Bellios was giving the proper pronunciation of the yacht's Welsh name, the "w" having the sound of "oo." "Ah," said his friend, "I see. The *Due in when*."

OUR YACHTING SENSATION. The owner was getting anxious about her, as she was weeks overdue at Colombo, where, according to Renter she has just arrived, after being belated on the way from Aden, a "run" which took 46 days, and reduced the crew of ten to biscuit fare. Mr. Bellios was giving the proper pronunciation of the yacht's Welsh name, the "w" having the sound of "oo." "Ah," said his friend, "I see. The *Due in when*."

THE OLD STONE PIER. I cannot help shedding a strictly private tear on the old stone pier, now being dilapidated in preparation for interment. I look at the big chiseled stones they are taking away, stones worn smooth by countless feet, and I must feel sentimental about them. I can imagine some dreamer like myself, waiting for his boat, musing upon mortality, and looking at these very stones as something that would abide

and would leave them financially embarrassed for years to come. Musing sincerely as we all were, you are to understand that we were conscious of that all the time. The thought of it was a sort of running accompaniment to our grief. Now, just as we got to the graveside, in the presence of an enormous crowd of people the corpse sat up and objected to be buried. Said it wasn't really dead, or words to that effect. The family was much upset, and appealed to me. "Leave it to Adversarius," they said, "he's always very rational." The crowd, many were acquaintances and sightseers were all for calling the funeral off. They said it wasn't usual to bury people alive, and it ought not to be done. I reasoned with them. I remember that I reasoned with them passionately. I said they must not let themselves be led away by passions and prejudices to which we were all equally liable. I begged them to use their brains, and not listen to this lying corpse. Corpses never had been known to tell the truth, I said, and would not be accepted as witnesses in any court of law. We had the death certificate and the burial certificate for this one. We had come to bury him, and we proposed to carry out the programme as arranged, and disappoint nobody. You've got to remember, I said, that even if he is not dead now, he soon will be. He cannot live for ever. You've also got to remember that the money has already been spent on this funeral, that it cannot be recovered, and that if this family does not bury him now, it never will, for it will not be able to raise such a sum again. It is now or never. Why pay such attention to the selfish arguments of the corpse? Remember the greatest good of the greatest number.

Just then my people shook me awake, and told me I had been talking in my sleep, so I do not know what happened at the graveside, and now it is likely that I never may and I did so want to know whether I convinced that crowd or not. Somehow, I have doubts.

It is quite true (as pointed out) that reduction of armaments (a "naval holiday") will throw men out of work and increase unemployment. So did the end of the war. A prophylactic for unemployment would have been to keep the war going on. Will anybody rise to second that?

How stupid, how utterly WARNING. false and contrary to all experience are some of the things we learn in youth, and later must unlearn with pains greater than the learning cost. This is nearly the opposite of a striking passage I met this week in my reading, that "everything tends ultimately to sink into the condition of being taken for granted. The great truths have to be recreated as novelties for each generation." That also is true. The first sentence is nobly pregnant. It was, however, the things that have risen to the condition of being taken for granted, things that should never have been taken for true at all, that were in my mind. I was thinking particularly of that common opinion "which holds that after a great shock, notably a narrow escape from death, a man can never be the same that he was when it happened. Save for the abstract truth that no man is ever the same from hour to hour, but is in a state of constantly becoming, that is a misleading untruth. I saw death face to face recently. Now that I am still here, having dodged him for this once, I am expected (if only by that part of my mind which retains past instructions) to be a reformed character. I am to be more loving, to quarrel less, to be more serious. In these and like ways I am to "profit" by my escape. I was, in the old-fashioned diction, "a warning." It is wasted on me, and when I think of the slow, cumulative growth of character, of an individuality, I am not surprised that one isolated emotion cannot do as much as many years of impingements, of stimuli, of the countless co-operative causes of the effect we call personality. Doubtless the emotion, such as it was, will make its mark; and that mark appear in some later life; but for the nonce I have the same impulses that I had before, the same craving to express and assert myself, and the same carelessness of consequences. I shall get drunk again when the due date comes round, and so far am I from any likelihood of "turning the other cheek to the smiter" I shall give the next presumptuous human cauliflowerer who dares to attack me Particular Beans.

Admiring as I do THE OLD STONE PIER the tremendous stone pier of the Praya East, reclamation, I cannot help shedding a strictly private tear on the old stone pier, now being dilapidated in preparation for interment. I look at the big chiseled stones they are taking away, stones worn smooth by countless feet, and I must feel sentimental about them. I can imagine some dreamer like myself, waiting for his boat, musing upon mortality, and looking at these very stones as something that would abide

long after his boat should crumble, and he himself be mingled with the clay. They looked so strong, so permanent. The author who imagined a New Zealander meditating on the ruins of St. Paul would hardly have foretold such a thing of this pier of mine, along which I have trod so often and so happily. Of course there will be a successor farther out, which I may even be here to see and use; but meanwhile the stone pier is being disarticulated, and I pay it the tribute of a sigh. The sunsets I have seen from it; the jolly marine excursions that have begun and ended there; the successful smuggling that—but no, I don't want those Revenue chaps asking me inconvenient questions. That Grimmett is a terror, and Ward would be quite capable of searching my yacht. Suffice it that I bid the old stone pier a fond goodbye. I climb the street car and look back at it, and I kiss my hand to it. It is going where went the meat that made it.

ANECDOTES that A DINNER-TABLE are funny without STORY, being too vulgar, are not so numerous that we can afford to ignore those we meet. I hope you will enjoy this one from the *Strait Echo*: A European doctor friend of ours was once called in to attend a Chinese lady who was suffering from pains in her chest and a rash on her legs. He treated her according to the textbooks and her chest considerably improved, but the rash proved obstinate. In a week or two the patient expressed strong dissatisfaction that her legs were still giving her trouble. "I'm sorry," said the doctor, "then I suppose you won't want me to call any more?" "Oh dear, no," replied the old lady, "for I'm most satisfied with the way you've treated my chest and I wouldn't lose you for anything. But I'm afraid you're not much good at legs. So I've called in a native medicine-man who, I know, is good at legs. You must go on looking after the chest and he will cure the rash." So the doctor and the medicine-man divided the patient into "spheres of influence," our friend taking charge of her down to the waist and the leg-artist assuming responsibility for her nether limbs, and the doctor calling during the morning and the native practitioner in the afternoon. Such an arrangement was perhaps not in accordance with the strictest Home practice, but the result proved satisfactory.

But this is also good, and may be used to tease ON any poet you meet at a POETRY dinner party. Of poetry this teaser said that it was "the mental rattle that awakened the attention of intellect in the infancy of civil society; but for the maturity of mind to make a serious business of the playthings of its childhood is as absurd as for a full-grown man to rub his gums with coral, and cry to be charmed to sleep by the jingle of silver bells."

His "Four Ages of Poetry," in which he was so rough on the affections of Wordsworth, Shelley's famous defence, and Browning's essay on Shelley, have recently appeared in one cheap volume, *Percy Reprints*, by Blackwell of Oxford, 4s. 6d.

I have much THE NEWS THAT'S pleasure in passing GOING ROUND. sing on this poem to you. 'Tis by a boy that means well, but is troubled with a pimple on his affatus:

It is no more distressful, that land where green is worn, And Erin dries her eyes and laughs; at freedom newly born. Sure now the folk may toss their bulls, and shaughrauns happier be Since Carsonism has been waked, and the Irish State is free. No more will mad shillelaghs swing, no more Sinn Fein need hide The Irish Free State now exists, and shares the Empire's pride. Och, the long turmoil is over; that the world so sorely vexed; And Eas avick can trail his coat and ax aloud "Who's next?" As if he was a barber in a busy barber shop. A shaver shaving very close and shaved afore he'd stop. The shamrock weak lifts up its head, beside the blushing rose, And all in the garden's lovely; at least so I suppose.

Of all concealed writers, HUGO and somehow all writers seem concealed, Victor Hugo would be one of the most conspicuously so. Would it be the classical case of *jaalousie de metier*, that occasion when he said of another and greater thinker: "Moi, je regarde Goethe comme Jeanne d'Arc aurait regardé Messaline." I dare not say so positively, but with all my respect, full homage to Hugo, I do deny that he was anything like Jeanne la Pucelle.

The job of chastising NOT FAULT folly or stupidity WINDING must make one seem too censorious, and fault finding. Dr. Wilder once advised me (as a writer worth advising) to look for the best side of men and things, and to dwell on that. Sound

nice, but would mean a false presentment of life. However, objections for praise being rare, I do not want to miss any. There is a man in this Colony, lately figuring more in the public eye, whom I would praise. This praise will embarrass him, and be unwelcome, for although his motto is undoubtedly social service, he seems one of those who would prefer to do good by stealth and blush to hear it mentioned. In the spirit of the soldier who spoke of Gunga Din, he's a better man than I am. I aspire, he does. I preach, he sets an example. A reading man (and a fascinating writer when he likes) his books are cheerfully lent to mere acquaintances. He sends papers and magazines to people he thinks they will help. He was one of the first workers—as distinct from talkers—for the Brotherhood League. He joined in with the French Bank depositors. He is the Hon. Sec. of the Book Club, his notion of the duties of Hon. Sec. being large and lavish, as admiring members note. He has other activities of which I know only vaguely, but they are all on like lines—unostentatious social service. His initials are C. G.

"Disarmament," frogs and marked one of those PHLOMEL men who annoy me by existing, "will not abolish war. You cannot end war without converting human nature." Under analysis his words are so sickeningly true and incontrovertible that I can understand the murmur of applause which greeted them. The spirit of the utterance was false, however, and what was the good of it? Why not announce that the nights are drawing in, or that there is a lot of sickness about? I never supposed, and I do not think any intelligent person has ever suggested, that the so-called disarmament proposals (they were never more than for partial disarmament) were a move to end war. They were to reduce taxation. It is obvious to a fool that if all the fighters disarm to the extent of fifty per cent., there will remain the other half, which means war. The only difference between a big war and a little war is that between much suffering and somewhat less. A small baby can defile a bed as badly as a big one. Then as to changing human nature. Quite so. To announce in that way that as long as human nature is what it is, we will have war, means that the announcer does not believe in the possibility of human nature changing, and so far as his own share is concerned, he has reason. Nine times out of ten he would rather it didn't change, because that would prove him wrong. All we pacifists try to do or even hope to do is by attrition to start the change. We can abolish admiration of war and to that extent have succeeded. We can convert here and there human nature to a disposition less ready for war, less easily acquiescent, and that also we are doing. This is the heaven that may yet leave the lump, so that by and by any civilized company will look at a man who mentions war as they do at a man who utters an indecency at a mixed party. I do not expect this oracle I write of to help, but I'll do my utmost to prevent him hindering. I protested at the time, and got a vote against him. Now I would like him to say similar things publicly, so that I may name him.

It is a pity that LODGERS IN Mr. Pollock didn't GOVT. QUARTERS. ask those questions (about Government servants in expensive Government Quarters having lodgers) "off his own bat," instead of citing an anonymous correspondent. It permitted such an unctuous condemnation of anonymous correspondents, and forced me to recall that the peculiar manners and customs of Hongkong still compel anonymity in some cases. In any case a Civil Servant's lodger is never a lodger. He is at most a Paying Guest, and how are we to prove that he pays? Still, as one frank man to another, I inform any official who cares to listen that I am assured such a 'do (or recently did) exist, and that I believe they do. I do not say it is wrong. I cannot understand the fuss about it; but I believe the official denial to be mistaken.

I wish I could re-ORANGE member it always at FINE STATE. the right times myself, but a rattling good bit of advice to newspaper critics is "always make sure." The writer of the sub-leader in Thursday's *China Mail* thought he had twigg'd a bowler in a contemporary. He was evidently trusting to his memory. The Act of Union of South Africa restored the name of Orange Free State after it was abolished in the Boer War, so that the original reference was quite in order, if rather vacuous. However, I may be told that a thing ostensibly written "for diversion" does not need to be taken "as a piece," so I'll shut up. At the same time, I shall insist on my private shake at the fate of our man who was the sharp.

(Continued on Page 5.)

ADVERSARIA.

(Continued from Page 4.)

Observing that this hypnotic phrase still misleads some of my fellow misadventurers I desire again to call their attention to its hollowness. I am informed that before I came and set them a better example, the Hongkong newspapers were all very full of dignity, almost stuffed with it. Also at that time they were generally regarded with contempt. I have heard newspapermen mention this contemptuous attitude of the Hong Kong public, as a grievance. It does not seem to have occurred to them that the public may have been right. Dignity without real solidity is a house built on sand. I know of no dignity more imposing than the awfully conscious dignity of the little girl on first putting up her hair. Yet, although she's got her hair up, she remains a little girl. It is not only the Press, though the Press insists most upon it. Dignity and humility cannot live together. Dignity is a fine name for a bad thing. It is the peacock plumage that camouflages the jackdaw of pompous conceit. God so loved the world that he gave His only Mark Twain to save it from dignity.

In one of those hog's puddings moods when one's past is re-recolled, and one shudders at past perils, laughs at bygone jokes, or tastes afresh the savour of pleasant adventures, I suddenly bethought me of hog's puddings, which by some are called Black Dittos, and by the Germans blutwurst. Long time no hap catches. Send for a pound. Local artist replies only made to order. O.K. Order one pound. Local artist replies orders for less than four pounds not undertaken. This is the explanation of the runes that follow, for I take it no writer can devour four pounds of hog's pudding for breakfast and refrain from some form of poetry.

O fair hog's-pudding on a fair hot plate, let me salute thee with the respect, with all the profound emotions that are appropriate to death-bed scenes. Thou that wast not born for death, immortal morsel, art about to die. Earth to earth, and hog's pudding to the gastric juices. Thou art young, and shapely, black but comely, a work of art for which no academy offers conserving shelter, a thing of beauty yet not a joy for ever. Sad is the fate that dooms all beauty, and worse that which condemns the more dainty forms of it to early passing. Bubbles, butterfies, poppies, waves, babies, and hog's-puddings, they are with us as it were for the twinkling of an eye, and anon, like snowflake on a river, gone for ever. One so rotund, so oozing with jollity and all toothsome charm, should enjoy somewhat more of permanence; but alas! no form of loveliness, no distinction such as thine (O, Rab, Rab, Rab, where's your baggy nose!) no marked superiority such as thou showest over all the race of puddings, carries with it the privilege of exemption under this dreadful law. Delight of the eye, gratification of the nose, prime comforter of the palate, prepare for that destiny foreseen for thee, or ever thou tookst shape in that bursting skin of thine. Boy! You've forgotten the mustard. Hog's-pudding! Thou art a young Endymion, doomed to inspire love in one greater than thyself, and in the being loved, to fall on sleep. Boy! Bring another tombstone—I mean, more toast.

The howlers that I make, howlers and that the other newspaper fellows make, are different with a difference. Still more different from either of these are the howlers of schoolboys. A little noisier of course, but to me from a boarding school Chefau way, where many local boys are being educated, and (I may as well mention it here) being very well educated. It was a local boy who, in a hurry to answer the question who it was that ate hanks among swine, said "The innocent son." It was another Hongkong boy who, reciting the seven plagues of Egypt, safely remembered six and then balked. Pressed for the other, he ventured a guess so witty that a professional humorist would be proud of it. He said "the finding of Moses," and certain it is that Moses did plague Egypt. A good story of a boy called P. . . is not a howler, but it comes from the same school. "What is that you have in your mouth, P. . . demanded a master. "Chewing gum, sir. "Take it out and throw it away. "Please, sir, it is not mine."

WHOOPIING COUGH.

WHEN your child has whooping cough be careful to keep the cough loose, and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as may be required. This remedy will also lighten the tough mucus and make it easier to expectorate. It has been used successfully in many epidemics and as it contains no narcotic or other injurious substance it is perfectly safe. For sale by all Chemists and Storekeepers.

EARLIER TELEGRAMS.

(Reuter's Service to the China Mail.)

WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

LONDON, December 9th. The American Delegation's advisory committee, in a report drafted by General Pershing, advised the complete abandonment of all forms of chemical warfare. There is reason to believe that the report does not neglect the views of other high military experts who incline to the belief that chemical warfare should be considered in the same way as any other weapon. The preliminary draft of the Four-Power Agreement is understood to include four clauses, one of which declares that the Agreement shall serve as a substitute for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It is also understood that the draft further provides for discussions or conferences in case any disputes arise, thus incorporating President Harding's idea of a series of international conferences.

While the Four-Power arrangement is gaining increased support and other factors are shaping towards definite treaties or "understandings" the latest problem prominent in the discussions relates to the fortifications of naval bases in the Pacific. It is intimated that this subject will be settled by a separate treaty or other international agreement. The actual state of the situation is closely guarded although the conversations are apparently tending toward the following separate agreements:—Firstly, a Treaty whereby Great Britain, the United States, Japan and France agree to a period of discussion before going to war over disputes arising over Pacific islands; secondly, a treaty or agreement relating to the 5/5/3 ratio and cognate questions; thirdly, joint declaration of principles by all nations regarding the future of China; fourthly, a treaty in which the United States and Japan would form the principals, settling the question of Yap; fifthly, a Sino-Japanese agreement relating to Shanghai. The Japanese delegation considers that all these elements are linked together, consequently Japan's attitude is likely to be delayed until Japan is ready to make a settlement involving all or a portion of the despatch from Tokyo. This has been received, but the delegation is awaiting receipt of the full text before indicating its position.

The Morning Post's Washington learns that Tokyo has unconditionally accepted the 5/5/3 ratio. The New York Times correspondent at Washington says that the four cardinal points in the Quadruple-Power Alliance are:—First, it fixes territorial integrity of region in the Pacific. Each Power shall be bound not to attack the territory of any other; second, if the vital interests of any Power in the Pacific are menaced it will be morally required to consult the other Powers before taking action; third, in case of disagreements between any two contracting parties the other two Powers will be asked to mediate or arbitrate; fourth, it provides for the abolition of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance which ends with the exchange of ratifications of the new treaty.

There is nothing in the agreement concerning the reduction of naval armaments or Chinese problems. PARIS, December 9th. A message from Washington states that M. Viviani conferred with Mr. Balfour, Baron Kato and Mr. Hughes for two hours regarding the Quadruple Agreement. He has despatched the text to Paris and recommends its acceptance. The Japanese reply is favourable. It makes reservations regarding American naval bases. It is confirmed that the Agreement will apply exclusively to islands in the Pacific belonging to the Powers concerned. Publication will be delayed until the Manchurian and other problems are solved. The Agreement does not apply to Indo-China. The French delegates are staying beyond December 14th owing to the importance of the remaining problems. The Quadruple Agreement will be announced at a public session as soon as the American Government has received the adhesion of all interested—probably at the beginning of next week. The regulation of the naval armaments of the three great Far Eastern Powers will probably be announced the same day.

The Times in a leader criticising the attitude of the Chinese delegation at Washington says that Dr. Wellington Koo has proved himself very unpractical. It declares that the Chinese talk about the failure of the Conference and children. The first essential for the Chinese people is the development of a Government that can speak in her name. She shows no sign of being able to create such a Government herself. The Times correspondent at Washington hints that a plan has been mooted whereby eight Powers may undertake the task of endeavouring to give the Chinese people a real chance.

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON DEAD.

LONDON, December 9th. The death is announced of Sir Arthur Pearson. His death was due to an accident.

LATER. Sir Arthur Pearson accidentally slipped in his bath and struck his head against the tap. He was rendered unconscious, fell into the water and was drowned. [Sir Arthur Pearson, G.B.E., was created baronet in 1916. He was for many years President of the Fresh Air Fund and latterly President of the National Institute for the Blind. He founded the business of O. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and was actively concerned with various newspapers until the failure of his sight some years ago. His own affliction has given his appeals for St. Dunstan's great weight with the public.]

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING.

If when troubled with constipation, headache, bile or sick headache, you take a small dose of Pinkettes at night on retiring to rest. Pinkettes are laxative perfection, for they are not habit forming, and neither grip nor purge. Their occasional use ensures daily regularity, corrects biliousness, gently stimulates the liver, picks up the appetite and digestion, prevents flatulence, and cures indigestion. Pinkettes are as easily as nature. Chemists everywhere sell Pinkettes or post from 6 cents the visit from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 90, Southview Road, Shanghai.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

All firms, clubs, etc., who have not yet returned particulars for inclusion in the Dollar Directory are requested to do so immediately to No. 5, Wyndham Street. Particulars of new firms etc., will be gladly received for inclusion in the Directory.

Lieut. Commander T. T. Laurens, D.S.C., R.N.R., has been appointed assistant secretary to the China Coast Officers' Guild.

Madame Lottie Gordon's afternoon Christmas concert in aid of various local charities is advertised to take place in the City Hall on December 15.

The manager of a Chinese advertising agency in Shanghai is reported to have absconded after having lost between \$50,000 and \$80,000 in speculation.

Particulars are advertised in this issue of one lot of Crown land at Wanchai and another at Shaikwan to be put up for auction by the Public Works Department on Monday afternoon.

A Japanese merchant from Nagoya has been arrested in Shanghai on a warrant charging him with forgery; the amount involved being ¥200,000. The Japanese authorities are sending him back to Nagoya for trial.

The profit on the Kowloon Fair amounted to \$1,159.93. A cheque for \$90 has been forwarded to the treasurer of the M. C. L. and the remaining \$759.93 has been paid into the Kowloon British School Games Fund.

By special request Captain E.R.G. Evans C.B., D.S.O., R.N., will lecture at the World Theatre on Monday night when he will tell the story of Captain Scott's Last Antarctic expedition. As advertised elsewhere the proceeds will be devoted to the local missions to seamen and other naval benefits.

Messrs. Komor and Komor advertise in to-day's issue the arrival of their models of the fashionable world in evening and afternoon gowns, blouses etc. This is welcome news for Hongkong ladies as the name of the firm guarantees good taste and value. Their Yokohama firm leads the fashion of the world and the Hongkong firm will put its strength now into this branch so as to make it a centre of fashion. Inspection is cordially invited.

A certain gentleman in Government service went into the Penang Police Court, Penang, to speak to one of the Police Inspectors. He entered the Court-room by way of the "Inter-press" room, in which he left his topcoat. After a lapse of about two minutes, he returned to find that his headgear was missing. He immediately informed the Inspector, who at once instituted a search. Within fifteen minutes the missing topcoat was found—in a pawshop in Campbell Street, where it had been pledged for 50 cents.

BILLIARDS.

PORTUGUESE CLUBS.

TRIANGULAR TOURNAMENT.

The annual triangular tournament between the Club Lusitano, Club de Recreio and Catholic Union was again won by the last named Club this year. The tournament, which had lasted over a month, produced some excellent billiards, prominent among the players being A. J. Osmond, the Colony's champion, P. A. Yvanovitch, the ex-champion, L. A. Osmond, and E. Guimaraes, who gave very creditable performances. The final match of the tournament was played off last night between representatives of the Catholic Union and the Club Lusitano. In the first game, A. J. Osmond (C. U.) defeated J. Gardner (C. L.) 250-175. The other game, between L. A. Rozario (C. U.) and P. A. Rozario (C. L.), was more closely contested, and resulted in a win for the former by the narrow margin of 9 points. It was anybody's game up to the last stroke. Scores: L. A. Rozario, 250; P. A. Rozario, 241.

A. J. Osmond put up a pretty brace of 67 in his game, and being in fine form throughout, had the game in hand right from the start. Maintaining his lead, he won comfortably. There were altogether 40 games in the tournament. Catholic Union defeated both their opponents and ran out winners by a good margin. Club Lusitano were the runners-up. The aggregate scores of the Clubs are—Catholic Union, 9,344; Club Lusitano, 8,840; Club de Recreio, 8,158. P. A. Yvanovitch (C. U.) compiled the highest break of the tournament, a creditable 74.

ARMY FOOTBALL.

TRIAL MATCH MONDAY.

The following have been selected to play in a trial match at Sookumpoo on Monday—

Red—Pte. Turner (White); Cpl. Trivett (White) and Lt. R. A. Moore (White, Captain); Pte. Sawyer (White), Wm. Gr. Pascoe (R.G.A.) and Lt. H. R. Donovan (R.G.A.); Br. Venle (R.G.A.) C.S.M. Pearson (R.E.), Art-Gr. Lelliott (R.G.A.), Bdm. Swanborough (White), and Cpl. Amor (White).

White—Br. Woods (R.G.A.); Bdm. Murrant (White) and Gr. Frampton (R.G.A.); Spr. Coupland (R.E.); Cpl. Lancaster (White, Capt.) and Gr. Keay (R.G.A.); Pte. Warren (White), Sgt. Evans (White), Pte. Menham (White), Gr. Harris (R.G.A.), and Pte. Payne (R.A.S.C.).

Reserves—Cpl. Hopper (R.A.S.C.), Pte. Westall (White), Cpl. Townsend (R.E.), and Gr. McHugh (R.G.A.).

CHURCH NOTICES.

A CHARGE OF ONE DOLLAR IS MADE FOR ALL NOTICES UNDER THIS HEADING.

ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL.

HONGKONG 11TH DECEMBER, 1921.

3RD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion at 7.50 a.m.

(Choral.) Matins at 11 a.m.

Services: Psalm, Venite, No. 4; Martin; Palm, 147, 16; Antiphon: To Down, 2nd Set, Russell, Jones; 1st; Benediction, No. 1, Tertius Noble; Anth. m. "Sing, O Heaven," Sullivan; Hymn, 379.

Choral Evensong.

Holy Communion (12 noon).

Litany (12 noon).

Recesses (4 p.m.).

Recesses: Psalm, 75; Cooke; 74; Woodward; 82; Tait; M. vi; 11; 16; Rogers; Nunc, Dimitis; No. 9; Lloyd; Hymn, 169, 243, 23.

Wesleyan Methodist Church, Queen's Road.

OUT WITH THE ROYAL NAVAL HOSPITAL, WANCHAI.

Sunday, 11th December 1921.

Division Services and Church Parade.

10 a.m. Advent Address on "The Messiah King." Evening Service at 8 o'clock. Subject: "The Cross." Preacher: Rev. C. J. Jones on Parli. C. F. Sunday School at 3 p.m. in the Church.

Wesleyan Sailors' and Soldiers' Home, Children's Meeting and Social Work, Sunday, 8.15 p.m. Wesleyan Guild.

Special Meeting Address by Mr. Palmer. Subject: "In Touch." 8.15 p.m. Ladies' Working Party and Tea. Friday, at 3 p.m. Popular Concert Saturday, at 8.30 p.m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Macdonnell Road.

Sunday, 11.15 a.m.

Wednesday, 3.45 p.m.

UNNECESSARY WORDS.

WHY waste words and advertising space in describing the many points of merit in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy? The most fastidious are satisfied when what it cures—colds and coughs from any cause, and that it contains absolutely no narcotic or injurious substances. For sale by all chemists and Storekeepers.

"OVERLAND CHINA MAIL"

Contains all the News of the Week.

PRICE 25 cts. PER COPY.

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TO-DAY'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHINA COAST OFFICERS' GUILD.

LIEUTENANT Commander T. T. LAURENSEN, D.S.C., R.N.R. (Extra Master), has been appointed Assistant Secretary to the China Coast Officers' Guild.

W. E. KIRBY, Secretary.

Hongkong, December 10, 1921.

WANTED.

ANTED.—To SHARE GROUND FLUORE STORE, Central Box No. 1340, c/o "China Mail."

FOR SALE.

ONE Second-hand but very new HAND CAMERA, Kodak No. 3A, with anastigmat lens (f 7.7); also One Tripod. Price reasonable. Apply P. O. Box 420, Hongkong.

KOMOR & KOMOR

Alexandra Buildings, Entrance ground floor near the lift.

Have the honour to announce to their customers that they are showing from Monday, the 12th December, the latest

MODEL of the fashionable WORLD

In Evening and a.d. afternoon Gowns, Blouses, etc. Your inspection is cordially invited.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

HE Steamship,

"SHINYO MARU."

From SAN FRANCISCO via HONOLULU, JAPAN PORTS, SHANGHAI & MANILA.

The above named steamer having arrived on Friday, 9th December, 1921, consignees of cargo are hereby notified to present their Bills of Lading for counter-signature, and to take immediate delivery from alongside steamer or the Company's Godown, where all cargo impeding immediate discharge will be landed at consignees' risk.

Storage will be assessed on cargo remaining undelivered after Friday, 16th December, 1921.

All broken, chafed and damaged packages will be landed into the Company's Godown, where same will be examined on Saturday, 17th December, 1921, at 10 a.m.

No claims will be recognised after goods have left the steamer or Godown, and none will be entertained if presented later than three weeks after arrival of steamer.

No fire insurance whatever will be effected.

Y. TSUTSUMI,

Manager.

Hongkong, December 9, 1921.

BILIOUS HEADACHE.

ALL that is needed to correct the biliousness and the headache disappears. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and you will soon be as well as ever. For sale by all Chemists and Storekeepers.

NOTICES.

WINES, SPIRITS, LIQUEURS

CONFECTIONERY

XMAS CRACKERS

TABLE FIGS

CRYSTALLIZED

FRUITS

XMAS

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ETC., ETC.

WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO PACK HAMPER OF ANY SIZE WITH THE GOODS YOU CHOOSE.

SHOP EARLY AND ENSURE A GOOD SELECTION. LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.

NEW MUSIC NEW RECORDS

JUST ARRIVED. FOX TROTS, ONE STEPS, WALTZES, ETC.

AT ANDERSON'S

Sole Agents:— Suzuki & Co. Alexandra Buildings. Tel. 468 & 467.

DRAGON MOTOR CAR CO., LTD. (THE EUROPEAN GARAGE). Open and Closed CARS FOR HIRE. TEL. 482. 3552 in Hongkong and Kowloon. TEL. 482. 3552

C. E. WARREN & CO., LTD. SANITARY ENGINEERS. Office, 30-32, Des Voeux Road. Showroom & Godown, 28A, Wanchai Road, Hongkong. BATHS & BATHROOM FITTING. Mirrors, Towel Rails, Soap & Sponge Holders, Geyser—for Gas & Oil burning. STOVES & COOKING RANGES. Manufactured by the Leading Makers in England. BIDEETS—COMMUNES—FOOTBATHS, &c., &c. C. E. WARREN CO., LTD.

GANDE, PRICE & CO. LTD. WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS. 8, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL. TEL. 135. BEG to notify Customers that Assorted Hampers suitable for the Festive Season may be obtained from us at the following reduced rates. No. 1 HAMPER. 1 Qt. Moët & Chandon Champagne "Crown Brand" 1 Pt. D.O.M. 1 Pt. Martell's XXX Brandy 2 Qt. King George IV White Label or Perfection Whisky 2 Qt. Superb Tawny Port 1 St. Julien Claret 1 Old Xmas Brandy Red Seal 1 D.O.M. Old Tom Gin or Dry Gin 1 Burgundy Australian Burgundy 1 Phila Pomeroy's Brandy No. 2 HAMPER. 1 Qt. Guillet's Champagne 1 Pt. D.O.M. 1 Qt. Burgundy's Australian Burgundy 1 Pt. Martell's XXX Brandy 2 Qt. King George IV White Label or Perfection Whisky 2 Qt. Tawny Dry Port 2 St. Julien Claret 1 D.O.M. Old Tom or Dry Gin 1 V.O.S. Pilsener Yellow Seal Sherry 1 Phila Pomeroy's Brandy No. 3 HAMPER. 1 Qt. Burgundy's Australian Burgundy 1 Pt. D.O.M. 1 Qt. Superior Black Old Port 2 Qt. King George IV White Label or Perfection Whisky 2 Qt. Burgundy's XXX Brandy 1 Montilla's Sherry White Seal 1 Madeira Claret 1 D.O.M. Old Tom or Dry Gin 1 Phila Pomeroy's Brandy Hampers of all descriptions made up to suit Customers' requirements.

Wm. Powell Ltd.

TELEPHONE 346

XMAS

1921.

THERE IS NO PERIOD IN THE CALENDAR
EXCEPT XMAS THAT BRINGS TO A FOCUS
EVERYBODY'S DESIRE TO GIVE SOMETHING TO SOMEBODY.

Toyland—The Delight of the KIDDIES—HEAPS of ANIMALS—SOLDIERS—GAMES—DOLLS—
BOOKS—ENGINES—MOTORS—FOOTBALLS, etc.

Choice Selection of Gifts for Ladies:—

WOOLLEN and SILK SCARVES—An almost indispensable item for the season.
HANDKERCHIEFS —Dainty and acceptable.
GLOVES —Are presents one is pleased to receive.
FURS —Are Gifts de luxe Specially Suited to Xmas Tide.
MANICURE SETS —As presents make pleasing gifts.
HANDBAGS —Always have the appeal of novelty.

Umbrellas—Silk Hose, etc.

Useful Presents, for Men—Suggestions that will help you:—GLOVES—TIES—
DRESSING GOWNS—WALKING STICKS—UMBRELLAS—SLIPPERS—FITTED DRESSING
CASES—SWEATERS—HANDKERCHIEFS—SUIT CASES, Etc.

For the Home—

DOWN QUILTS—As presents give lasting joy
CUSHIONS—Always appeal to the Woman with a home.
CABINETS—SCREENS—ELECTRO PLATE WARE—CARVING SETS—CHAFING DISHES—BISCUIT
BARRELS—CLARET JUGS Etc.

Dress Department—GOWN LENGTHS—OR COSTUME LENGTHS—GABARDINES
VELOURS—FOULARDS—CHIFFON VELVET, Etc.

These are only a few suggestions. PAY us a Visit and let other Articles suggest themselves.

"THE CHIMES."

A SEASONABLE DICKENS' STORY.

There are not many people—and as it is desirable that a story-teller and a story-reader should establish a mutual understanding: as soon as possible, I beg it to be noticed that I confine this observation neither to young people nor to little people, but extend it to all conditions of people: little and big, young and old; yet growing up, or already growing down again—there are not, I say, many people who would care to sleep in a church. I don't mean, at sermon-time in warm weather (when the thing has actually been done, once or twice), but in the night, and alone. A great multitude of persons will be violently astonished, I know, by this position, in the broad daylight. But it applies to night. It must be argued by night. And I will undertake to maintain it successfully on any gusty winter's night appointed for the purpose, with any one opponent chosen from the rest, who will meet me singly in an old churchyard, before an old church, door; and will previously empower me to lock him in, if needful to his satisfaction, until morning.

For the night wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and meaning as it goes; and (if trying, with its uneven hand, the windows and the doors; and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has got in; as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be, it wails and howls to issue forth again; and not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters; then flings itself despairingly upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults. Anon, it comes up stealthily, and creeps along the walls, seeming to read, in whispers, the inscriptions sacred to the dead. At some of these, it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter; and at others, moans and cries as if it were lamenting. It has a ghostly sound too, lingering within the altar; where it seems to chant, in its wild way, of wrong and murder done, and false gods worshipped, in defiance of the tables of the law, which look so fair and smooth, but are so flawed and

broken. Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire; it has an awful voice, that wind at midnight, singing in a church!

But, high up in the steeple! There the foul blast roars and whistles! High up in the steeple, where it is free to come and go through many an airy arch, and loophole, and to twist and twine itself about the giddy stair, and twirl the groaning weathercock, and make the very tower shake and shiver! High up in the steeple, where the belfry is, and iron rails are ragged with rust, and sheets of lead and copper, shrivelled by the changing weather, crackle and heave beneath the unaccustomed tread; and birds stuff shabby nests into corners of old oaken joists and beams; and dust grows old and gray; and speckled spiders, indolent and fat with long security, swing idly to and fro in the vibration of the bells, and never lose their hold upon their thread-spun castles in the air, or climb up sailor-like in quick alarm, or drop upon the ground and ply a score of nimble legs to save one life! High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night; and high up in the steeple of an old church dwelled the chimes I tell of.

They were old chimes, trust me. Centuries ago, these bells had been baptised by bishops: so many centuries ago, that the register of their baptism, was lost long, long before the memory of man, and no one knew their names. They had had their godfathers and godmothers, these bells (for my own part, by the way, I would rather incur the responsibility of being godfather to a bell than a boy), and had had their silver mugs no doubt, besides. But Time had mowed down their sponsors, and Henry the Eighth had melted down their mugs; and they now hung, nameless and mugless, in the church tower.

Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices, had these bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy chimes were they, to be dependent on the pleasure of the wind, more

over; for, fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally; and bent on being heard, on stormy nights, by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat a blustering nor-wester; ay, "all to fling," as Toby Veck said; for though they chose to call him Trotty Veck, his name was Toby, and nobody could make it anything else either (except Tobias) without a special act of Parliament; he having been as lawfully christened in his day as the bells had been in theirs, though with not quite so much of solemnity or public rejoicing.

For my part, I confess myself of Toby Veck's belief, for I am sure he had opportunities enough of forming a correct one. And whatever Toby Veck said, I say. And I take my stand by Toby Veck, although he did stand all day long (and weary work it was) just outside the church door. In fact, he was a ticket-porter. Toby Veck, and waited there for jobs.

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed, stony-tored, tooth-chattering place it was, to wait in, in the winter time, as Toby Veck well knew; The wind came tearing round the corner—especially the east wind—as if it had sallied forth, in express, from the confines of the earth, to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than he had expected, for bounding round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, "as if it cried, 'Why, here he is!'" Incontinently his little white apron would be caught up over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremendous agitation, and Toby himself all afloat, and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged and buffeted, and tumbled, and worried and hustled, and lifted off his feet, as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle that he wasn't carried up bodily into the air as a colony of frogs or snails or other very portable creatures sometimes are, and rained down again, to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-porters are unknown.

But windy weather, in spite of its using him so roughly, was, after all, a sort of holiday for Toby. That's the fact. He didn't seem to wait so long for a sixpence in the wind, as at other times; the having to fight

with that boisterous element took off his attention, and quite freshened him up, when he was hungry and low spirited. A hard frost too, or a fall of snow, was an event; and it seemed to do him good, somehow or other—it would have been hard to say in what respect though, Toby! So wind and frost and snow, and perhaps a good stiff storm of hail, were Toby Veck's red-letter days.

Wet weather was the worst; the cold, damp, clammy, wet, that wrapped him up like a moist great coat—the only kind of great coat Toby owned; or could have added to his comfort by dispensing with. Wet days, when the rain came slowly, thickly, obstinately down; when the street's throat, like his own, was choked with mist; when smoking umbrellas passed and repassed, spinning round and round like so many teetotums, as they knocked off "not each other on the crowded footway of a little whirlpool of uncomfortable sprinklings; when gutters tumbled and water-spouts were full and noisy; when the wet from the projecting stones and ledges of the church fell drip, drip, drip, on Toby, making the wisp of straw on which he stood mere mud in no time; those were, indeed, you might see Toby looking anxiously out from his shelter in an angle of the church wall—such a meagre shelter that in summer time it never cast a shadow thicker than a good-sized walking-stick upon the sunny pavement—with a disconsolate and lengthened face. But coming out, a minute afterward, to warm himself by exercise, and trotting up and down some dozen times, he would brighten even then, and go back more brightly to his niche.

They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if it didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps; most likely; but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast postmen ahead of him to get out of the way; devoutly believing that in the

natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift. Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted. Making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire; and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of gray worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb, and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers; Toby, with his knees bent, and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling into the road to lock up at the belfry when the chimes resounded, Toby trotted still.

He made this last excursion several times a day, for they were company to him; and when he heard their voices, he had an interest in glancing at their lodgings, and thinking how they were moved, and what hummers beat upon them. Perhaps he was the more curious about these bells; because there were points of resemblance between themselves and him. They hung there, in all weathers, with the wind and rain driving in upon them; facing only the outsiders of all those houses; never getting any nearer to the blazing fires that gleamed and shone upon the windows, or came puffing out of the chimney-tops; and incapable of participation in any of the good things that were constantly being handed, through the street doors and the area railings, to prodigious cooks. Faces came and went at many windows—sometimes pretty faces, youthful faces, pleasant faces; sometimes the reverse—but Toby knew no more (though he often speculated on these trifles, standing idle in the streets) whence they came, or where they went, or whether, when the lips moved, one kind word was said of him in all the year, than did the chimes themselves.

Toby was not a casuist—that he knew of, at least—and I don't mean to say that when he began to take to the bells, and to knit up his first rough acquaintance with them into something of a closer and more delicate wool, he passed through these considerations one by one, or held any formal review or great field-day in his thoughts. But what I mean to say, and do say, is, that as the functions of Toby's body his digestive organs for example, did his own cunning, and by a great many operations of which he was altogether ignorant, and the knowledge of which would have

astonished him very much, arrive at a certain end; so his mental faculties, without his privacy or concurrence, set all these wheels and springs in motion, with a thousand others, when they worked to bring about his liking for the bells.

And though I had said his love, I would not have recalled the word, though it would scarcely have expressed his complicated feeling. For, being but a simple man, he invested them with a strange and solemn character. They were so mysterious, often heard and never seen; so high up, so far off, so full of such a deep strong melody, that he regarded them with a species of awe; and sometimes when he looked up at the dark arched windows in the tower, he half expected to be beckoned to by something which was not a bell, and yet was what he heard so often sounding in the chimes. For all this, Toby scouted with indignation, a certain flying rumour that the chimes were haunted, as implying the possibility of their being connected with any evil thing. In short, they were very often in his ears, and very often in his thoughts, but always in his good opinion; and he very often got such a crick in his neck by staring with mouth wide open, at the steeple where they hung, that he was fain to take an extra trot or two, afterwards, to cure it.

The very thing he was in the act of doing one cold day, when the last drowsy sound of twelve o'clock, just struck, was humming like a melodious monster of a bee, and not by any means a busy bee, all through the steeple!

"Dinner-time, eh!" said Toby, trotting up and down before the church. "Ah!"

Toby's nose was very red, and his eyelids were very red, and he winked very much, and his shoulders were very near his ears, and his legs were very stiff, and altogether he was evidently a long way upon the frosty side of cool.

"Dinner-time, eh!" repeated Toby, using his right-hand muffler like an infantine boxing-glove, and punishing his chest for being cold. "Ah-h-h-h!" He took a silent trot, after that, for a minute or two.

"There's nothing," said Toby, breaking forth afresh—but here he stopped short in his trot, and with a face of great interest and some alarm, felt his nose carefully all the way up. It was but a little way (not being much of a nose), and he had soon finished.

"I thought it was gone," said Toby, trotting off again. "It's all right, however. I am sure I couldn't blame it if it was to go. It has a

precious hard service of it in the bitter weather, and precious little to look forward to; for I don't take snuff myself. It's a good deal tried, poor creature, at the best of times; for when it does get hold of a pleasant whiff or so (which ain't too often), it's generally from somebody else's dinner, a coming home from the baker's."

The reflection reminded him of that other reflection, which he had left unfinished.

"There's nothing," said Toby, "more regular in its coming round than dinner-time, and nothing less regular in its coming round than dinner. That's the great difference between 'em. It's took me a long time to find it out. I wonder whether it would be worth any gentleman's while, now, to buy that observation for the papers, or the Parliament!"

Toby was only joking, for he gravely shook his head in self-deprecation.

"Why! Lord!" said Toby. "The papers is full of observations as it is; and so's the Parliament. Here's last week's paper, now"—taking a very dirty one from his pocket, and holding it from him at arm's length—"full of observations! Full of observations! I like to know the news as well as any man," said Toby slowly, folding it a little smaller, and putting it in his pocket again, "but it almost goes against the grain with me to read a paper now. It frightens me almost. I don't know what we poor people are coming to. Lord send we may be coming to something better in the new year nigh upon us!"

"Why, father, father!" said a pleasant voice, hard by.

But Toby, not hearing it, continued to trot backwards and forwards, musing as he went, and talking to himself.

"It seems as if we can't go right, or do right, or be righted," said Toby. "I hadn't much schooling, myself, when I was young; and I can't make out whether we have any business on the face of the earth, or not. Sometimes I think we must have—a little; and sometimes I think we must be intruding. I get so puzzled sometimes that I am not even able to make up my mind whether there is any good at all in us, or whether we are born bad. We seem to do dreadful things; we seem to give a deal of trouble; we are always being complained of and guarded against. One way or another, we fill the papers. Talk of a new year!" said Toby mournfully. "I can bear up as well as another man at most times—better than a good many, for

(Continued on page 8.)



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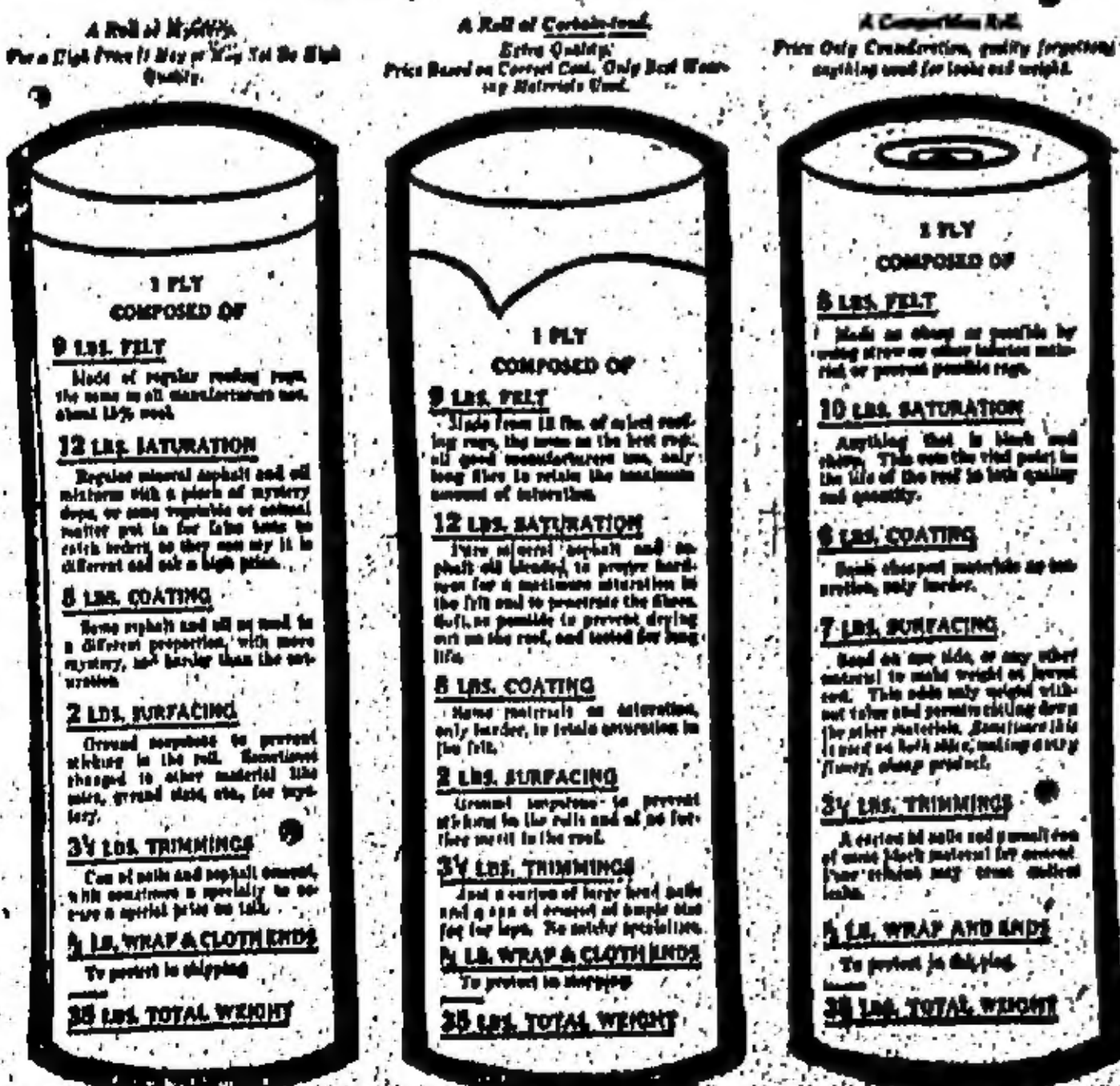
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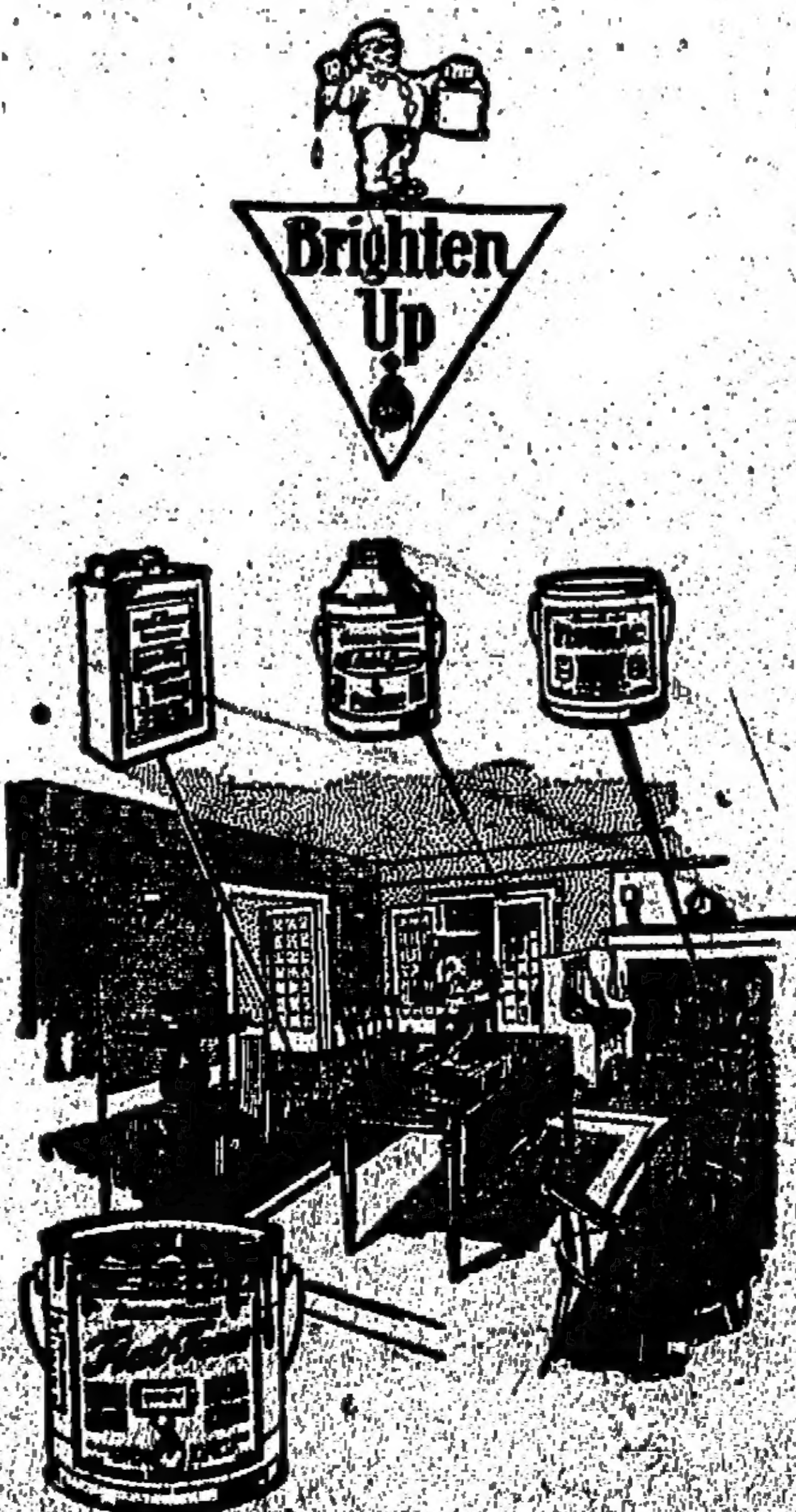
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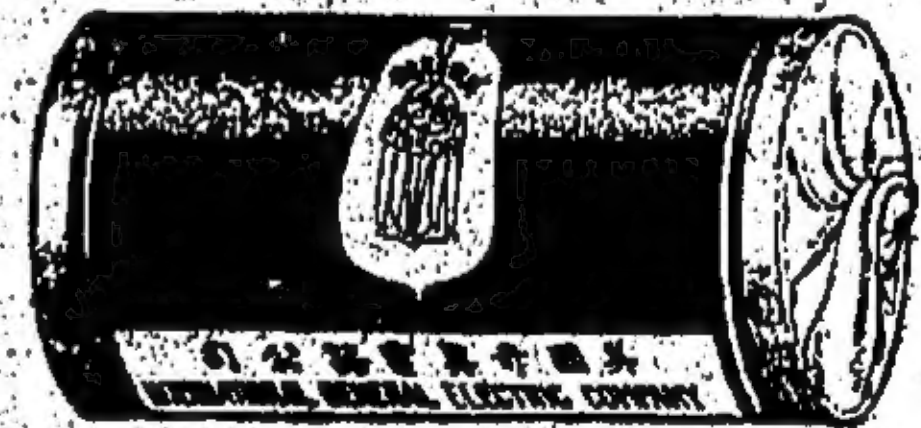
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It is stetched on the globe of every lamp made by the International General Electric Company in China. Insist that your dealer sell you this brand and take no other.

"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 7.)

I am as strong as a lion, and all men ain't—but supposing it should really be that we have no right to a new year—supposing we really are intruding—

"Why, father, father!" said the pleasant voice again.

Toby heard it this time; started, stopped; and shortening his sight, which had been directed a long way off as seeking for enlightenment in the very heart of the approaching year, found himself face to face with his own child, and looking close into her eyes.

Bright eyes they were. Eyes that would bear a world of looking in, before their depth was fathomed. Dark eyes, that reflected back the eyes which searched them; not flashingly, or at the owner's will, but with a clear, calm, honest, patient radiance, claiming kindred with that light which Heaven called into being. Eyes that were beautiful and true, and beaming with hope. With hope so young and fresh; with hope so buoyant, vigorous, and bright, despite the twenty years of work and poverty on which they had looked; that they became a voice to Toby Veck, and said, "I think we have some business here—a little!"

Trotty kissed the lips belonging to the eyes, and squeezed the blooming face between his hands.

"Why, pet," said Trotty. "What's to do? I didn't expect you to-day, Meg."

"Neither did I expect to come, father," cried the girl, nodding her head and smiling as she spoke. "But here I am! And not alone!"

"Why, you don't mean to say," observed Trotty, looking curiously at a covered basket which she carried in her hand, "that you—"

"Smell it, father dear," said Meg. "Only smell it!"

Trotty was going to lift up the cover at once, in a great hurry, when she gaily interposed her hand.

"No, no, no," said Meg, with the glint of a child. "Lengthen it out a little. Let me just lift up the corner; just the little, tiny corner, you know."

"No, no, no," said Meg, with the glint of a child. "Lengthen it out a little. Let me just lift up the corner; just the little, tiny corner, you know."

"It's burning hot!" cried Meg. "Ha, ha, ha! It's scalding hot!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Toby, with a sort of kick. "It's scalding hot."

"But what is it, father?" said Meg. "Come! You haven't guessed what it is. And you must guess what it is. I can't think of taking it out, till you guess what it is. Don't be in such a hurry! What a minute! A little bit more of the cover. Now, guess!"

Meg was in a perfect fright lest he should guess right too soon; shrinking away, as she held the basket towards him, curling up her pretty shoulders; stopping her ear with her hand, as if by so doing she could keep the right word out of Toby's lips; and laughing softly the whole time.

Meanwhile Toby, putting a hand on each knee, bent down his nose to the basket, and took a long inspiration at the lid; the grin upon his withered face expanding in the process, as if he were inhaling laughing gas.

"Ah! It's very nice," said Toby. "It ain't—suppose it ain't polonies?" "No, no, no!" cried Meg, delighted. "Nothing like polonies!"

"No," said Toby, after another sniff. "It's very mellow than polonies. Its very nice. It improves every moment. It's too decided for trotters. Ain't it?"

Meg was in an ecstasy. He could not have gone wider of the mark than trotters—except polonies.

"Liver!" said Toby, communing with himself. "No. There's a mildness about it that don't answer to liver. Pettitoes? No. It ain't faint enough for pettitoes. It wants the stringiness of cocks' heads. And I know it ain't sausages. I'll tell you what it is. It's chitterlings!"

"No, it ain't!" cried Meg, in a burst of delight. "No, it ain't!"

"Why, what am I a-thinking of!" said Toby, suddenly recovering a position as near the perpendicular as it was possible for him to assume. "I shall forget my own name next. It's tripe!"

Tripe it was, and Meg, in high joy, protested he should say, in half a minute, more, it was the best tripe ever stewed.

"And so," said Meg, busying herself exultingly with the basket. "I'll lay the cloth at once, father; for I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket-handkerchief; and if I like to be proud for once, and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's no law to prevent me; is there, father?"

"Not that I know of, my dear," said Toby. "But they're always a-bringing up some new law or other."

"And according to what I was reading you in the paper the other day, father; what the judge said, you know; we poor people are supposed to know them all. Ha, ha! What a mistake! My goodness me, how clever they think us!"

"Yes, my dear," cried Trotty, "and they'd be very fond of any one of us that did know 'em all. He'd grow fat upon the work he'd get, that man, and be popular with the gentlefolks in his neighbourhood. Very much so!"

"He'd eat his dinner with an appetite, whoever he was, if it smelled like this," said Meg cheerfully. "Make haste, for there's a hot potato besides, and half a pint of fresh-drawn beer in a bottle. Where will you dine, father? On the post, or on the steps? Dear, dear, how grand we are! Two places to choose from!"

"The steps to-day, my pet," said Trotty. "Steps in dry weather. Post in wet. There's a greater convenience in the steps at all times, because of the sitting down; but they're rheumatic in the damp."

"Then here," said Meg, clapping her hands, after a moment's bustle; "here it is, all ready! And beautiful it looks! Come, father. Come!"

Since his discovery of the contents of the basket, Trotty had been standing looking at her—and had been speaking too—in an abstracted manner, which showed that though she was the object of his thoughts and eyes, to the exclusion even of tripe, he neither saw nor thought about her as she was at that moment, but had before him some imaginary rough sketch or drama of her future life.

Roused, now, by her cheerful summons, he shook off a melancholy shake of the head which was just coming upon him, and trotted to her side. As he was stooping to sit down, the chimes rang.

"Amen!" said Trotty, pulling off his hat and looking up towards them. "Amen to the bells, father?" cried Meg.

"They broke in like a grace, my dear," said Trotty, taking his seat. "They'd say a good one, I am sure, if they could. Many's the kind thing they say to me."

"The bells do, father!" laughed Meg, as she set the basin and a knife and fork before him. "Well!"

"Seem to, my pet," said Trotty, falling to with great vigour. "And where's the difference? If I hear 'em, what does it matter whether they speak it or not? Why bless you, my dear," said Toby, pointing at the tower with his fork, and becoming more animated under the in-

fluence of dinner, "how often have I heard them bells say, 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby! Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby!' A million times? More!"

"Well, I never!" cried Meg. "She had, though—over and over again. For it was Toby's constant topic."

"When things is very bad," said Trotty; "very bad indeed, I mean; almost at the worst; then it's 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby! Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby!' That way."

"And it comes—at last, father," said Meg, with a touch of sadness in her pleasant voice.

"Always," answered the unconscious Toby. "Never fails."

While this discourse was holding, Trotty made no pause in his attack upon the savoury meat before him, but cut and ate, and cut and drank, and cut and chewed, and dodged about, from tripe to hot potato, and from hot potato back again to tripe, with an unctuous and unflagging relish. But happening now to look all round the street—in case anybody should be beckoning from any door or window, for a porter—his eyes, in coming back again, encountered Meg sitting opposite to him, with her arms folded, and only busy in watching his progress with a smile of happiness.

"Why, Lord forgive me!" said Trotty, dropping his knife and fork. "My dove! Meg! why didn't you tell me that a beast I was?"

"Father?"

"Sitting here," said Trotty, in penitent explanation, "cramming and stuffing, and gorging myself; and you before me there, never so much as breaking your precious fast, nor wanting to, when—"

"But I have broken it, father," interposed his daughter, laughing, "all to bits. I have had my dinner."

"Nonsense," said Trotty. "Two dinners in one day! It ain't possible! You might as well tell me that two New Year's Days will come together, or that I have had a gold head all my life, and never changed it."

"I have had my dinner, father, for all that," said Meg, coming nearer to him. "And if you'll go on with yours, I'll tell you how and where; and how your dinner came to be brought; and—and something else besides."

Toby still appeared incredulous; but she looked into his face with her clear eyes, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, motioned him to go on while the meat was hot. So Trotty took up his knife and fork again, and went to work. But much more

slowly than before, and shaking his head, as if he were not at all pleased with himself.

"I had my dinner, father," said Meg, after a little hesitation, "with—Richard. His dinner-time was early; and as he brought his dinner with him when he came to see me, we—we had it together, father."

Trotty took a little beer, and smacked his lips. Then he said, "Oh!"—because she waited.

"And Richard says, father—"

"What does Richard say, Meg?" asked Toby.

"Richard says, father—"

"Richard's a long time saying it," said Toby.

"He says, then, father," Meg continued, lifting up her eyes at last, and speaking in a tremble, but quite plainly; "another year is nearly gone, and where is the use of waiting on from year to year, when it is so unlikely we shall ever be better off than we are now?"

He says we are poor now, father, and we shall be poor then, but we are young now, and years will make us old before we know it. He says that if we wait, people in our condition: until we see our way quite clearly, the way will be a narrow one indeed—the common way—the grave, father."

A bolder man than Trotty Veck must needs have drawn upon his boldness, largely, to deny it. Trotty held his peace.

"And how hard, father, to grow old, and die, and think we might have cheered and helped each other! How hard in all our lives to love each other; and to grieve, apart, to see each other working, changing, growing old and gray. Even if I got the better of it, and forgot him (which I never could), oh, father dear, how hard to have a heart so full as mine is now, and lived to have it slowly drained out every drop, without the recollection of one happy moment of a woman's life, to stay behind and comfort me, and make me better!"

Trotty sat quite still. Meg dried her eyes, and said more gaily—that is to say, with here a laugh, and there a sob, and here a laugh and sob together—

"So Richard says, father; as his work was yesterday made certain for some time to come, and as I love him and have loved him full three years—ah! longer than that, if he knew it!—will I marry him on New Year's Day; the best and happiest day, he says, in the whole year, and one that is almost sure to bring good fortune with it. It's a short notice, father—ain't it?—but I haven't my fortune to be settled,

or my wedding dresses to be made, like the great ladies, father, have I? And he said so much, and said it in his way; so strong and earnest; and all the time so kind and gentle; that I said I'd come and talk to you, father. And as they paid the money for that work of mine this morning (unexpectedly, I am sure!), and as you have fared very poorly for a whole week, and as I couldn't help wishing there should be something to make this day a sort of holiday to you as well as a dear and flappy day to me, father, I made a little treat and brought it to surprise you."

"And see how he leaves it cooling on the step!" said another voice.

It was the voice of this same Richard, who had come upon them unobserved, and stood before the father and daughter, looking down upon them with a face as glowing as the iron on which his stout sledge-hammer daily rang. A handsome, well-made, powerful youngster he was; with eyes that sparkled like the red-hot droppings from a furnace fire; black hair that curled about his swarthy temples rarely; and a smile—a smile that bore out Meg's eulogium on his style of conversation.

"See how he leaves it cooling on the step!" said Richard. "Meg don't know what he likes. Not she!"

Trotty, all action and enthusiasm, immediately reached up his hand to Richard, and was going to address him in a great hurry, when the house door opened without any warning, and a footman very nearly put his foot in the tripe.

"Out of the ways here, will you! You must always go, and be a settin' on our steps, must you! You can't go and give a turn to none of the neighbours, never, can't you! Will you clear the road, or won't you?"

Strictly speaking, the last question was irrelevant, as they had already done it.

"What's the matter, what's the matter!" said the gentleman for whom the door was opened; coming out of the house at that kind of light-heavy pace—that peculiar compromise between a walk and a jog-trot—with which a gentleman upon the smooth down-hill of life wearing creaking boots, a watch-chain, and clean linen, may come out of his house; not only without any abatement of his dignity, but with an expression of having important and wealthy engagements elsewhere. "What's the matter! What's the matter!"

"You're always a-being begged, and prayed, upon your bended knees you are," said the footman with great emphasis to Trotty Veck, "to let our doormen be. Why don't you let 'em be? CAN'T you let 'em be?"

"There! That'll do!" said the gentleman. "Hollo, there! Porter!" beckoning with his hand to Trotty Veck. "Come here. What's that? Your dinner?"

"Yes, sir," said Trotty, leaving it behind him in a corner.

"Don't leave it there," exclaimed the gentleman. "Bring it here, bring it here. So! This is your dinner, is it?"

"Yes, sir," repeated Trotty, looking, with a fixed eye and a watery mouth, at the piece of tripe he had reserved for a last delicious tit-bit; which the gentleman was now turning over and over on the end of the fork.

Two other gentlemen had come out with him. One was a low-spirited gentleman of middle age, of a meagre habit, and a disconsolate face; who kept his hands continually in the pockets of his scanty pepper-and-salt trousers, very large and dog-eared from that custom; and was not particularly well brushed or washed. The other, a full-sized, sleek, well-conditioned gentleman, in a blue coat with bright buttons, and a white cravat. This gentleman had a very red face, as if an undue proportion of the blood in his body were squeezed up into his head; which perhaps accounted for his having also the appearance of being rather cold about the heart.

He who had Toby's meat upon the fork, called to the first one by the name of Filer; and they both drew near together. Mr. Filer being exceedingly short-sighted, was obliged to go so close to the remnant of Toby's dinner before he could make out what it was; that Toby's heart leaped up into his mouth. But Mr. Filer didn't eat it.

"This is a description of animal food, Alderman," said Filer, making little punches in it, with a pencil-case, "commonly known to the labouring population of this country by the name of tripe."

The alderman laughed, and winked; for he was a merry fellow, Alderman Cute, Oh, and a sly fellow too! A knowing fellow. Up to everything. Not to be imposed upon. Deep in the people's hearts! He knew them, Cute did. I believe you!

"But who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer, looking round. "Tripe is without an exception the least economical, and the most wasteful article of consumption that the markets of this country can by possibility produce. The loss upon a pound of tripe has been found to be, in the boiling, seven-eighths of a fifth more than the loss upon a pound of any other animal substance whatever."

(Continued on Page 10.)

THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

FIRST FLOOR

TINKER TOYS

DOLLS' PRAMS
BEARS
NOAH'S ARKS
ENGINES
TRICYCLES
ELEPHANTS
PIANOS
SEESAWS
FIELD GUNS
PICTURE BOOKS
TABLE GAMES
DONKEYS
TEA SETS

Instructive Toys.

Primus Sets Dissected Maps
'Pyfyly'
Lott's Bricks. Meccano
Kinco Outfits
Plasticine Wenebrik

TINKER TOYS

DOLLS' HOUSES
DOGS
CYCLE HORSES
TRAINS
MOTOR CARS
SOLDIERS
BLOCKS
TRUMPETS
FORTS
MECHANICAL TOYS
DRESSED DOLLS
MASKS
TOILET SETS

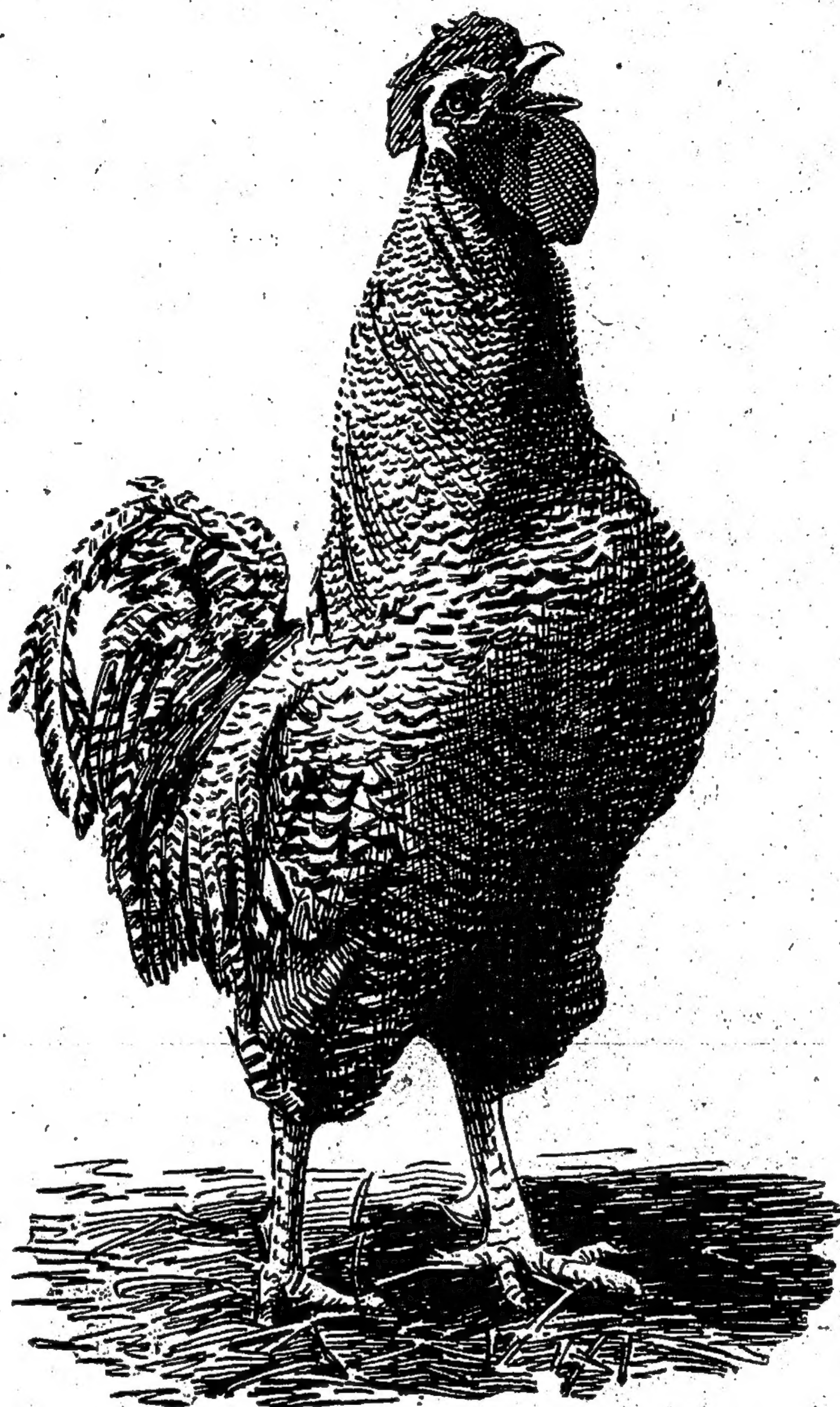
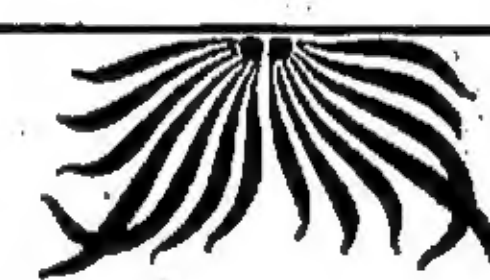
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SAUSAGE MEAT,
GAME PIES,
PORK PIES,
HAM & BACON.



PLACE YOUR ORDERS EARLY TO AVOID
DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE DAIRY FARM
ICE & COLD STORAGE Co., Ltd.

"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 8.)

Tripe is more expensive, properly understood, than the hothouse pineapple. Taking into account the number of animals slaughtered yearly within the bills of mortality alone; and forming a low estimate of the quantity of tripe which the carcasses of those animals, reasonably well butchered, would yield; I find that the waste on that amount of tripe, if boiled, would victual a garrison of five hundred men for five months of thirty-one days each, and a February over. The waste, the waste!"

Trotty stood aghast, and his legs shook under him. He seemed to have starved a garrison of five hundred men with his own hand.

"Who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer warmly. "Who eats tripe?"

Trotty made a miserable bow.

"You do, do you?" said Mr. Filer. "Then I'll tell you something. You snatch your tripe, my friend, out of the mouths of widows and orphans."

"I hope not, sir," said Trotty faintly. "I'd sooner die of want!"

"Divide the amount of tripe before-mentioned, Alderman," said Mr. Filer, "by the estimated number of existing widows and orphans, and the result will be one pennyweight of tripe to each. Not a grain is left for that man. Consequently, he's a robber."

Trotty was so shocked, that it gave him no concern to see the alderman finish the tripe himself. It was a relief to get rid of it, anyhow.

"And what do you say?" asked the alderman, jocosely, of the red-faced gentleman in blue coat. "You have heard friend Filer. What do you say?"

"What's it possible to say?" returned the gentleman. "What is to be said? Who can take any interest in a fellow like this?" meaning Trotty.

"In such degenerate times as these? Look at him! What an object! The good old times, the grand old times, the great old times! Those were the times for a bold peasant, and all that sort of thing. Those were the times for every sort of thing, in fact. There's nothing nowadays. Ah!"

sighed the red-faced gentleman. "The good old times, the good old times!"

The gentleman didn't specify what particular times he alluded to; nor did he say whether he objected to the present times, from a disinterested consciousness that they had done nothing very remarkable in producing himself.

"The good old times, the good old times," repeated the gentleman. "What times they were! They were the only times. It's of no use talking about any other times, or discussing what the people are in these times. You don't call these times, do you? I don't. Look into 'Strutt's Costumes,' and see what a Porter used to be, in any of the good old English reigns."

"He hadn't, in his very best circumstances, a shirt to his back, or a stocking to his foot; and there was scarcely a vegetable in all England for him to put into his mouth," said Mr. Filer. "I can prove it, by tables."

But still the red-faced gentleman extolled the good old times, the grand old times, the great old times. "No matter what anybody else said, he still went turning round and round in one set form of words concerning them; as a poor squirrel turns and turns in its revolving cage; touching the mechanism and trick of which it has probably quite as distinct perceptions as ever this red-faced gentleman had of his deceased millennium."

It is possible that poor Trotty's faith in these very vague old times was not entirely destroyed, for he felt vague enough, at that moment. One thing, however, was plain to him, in the midst of his distress; to wit, that however these gentlemen might differ in details, his misgivings of that morning, and of many other mornings, were well founded. "No, no. We can't go right or do right," thought Trotty in despair. "There is no good in us. We are born bad!"

But Trotty had a father's heart within him; which had somehow got into his brain, in spite of this decree; and he could not bear that Meg, in the blush of her brief joy, should have her fortune read by these wise gentlemen. "God help her," thought poor Trotty. "She will know it soon enough."

He anxiously signed, therefore, to the young smith to take her away. But he was so busy, talking to her softly at a little distance, that he only became conscious of this desire, simultaneously with Alderman Cate. Now, the alderman had not yet had his say, but he was a philosopher, too—practical, though! Oh, very practical!—and, as he had no idea of losing any portion of his audience, he cried, "Stop!"

"Now, you know," said the alderman, addressing his two friends, with a self-complacent smile upon his face, which was habitual to him, "I am a plain man, and a practical man; and I go to work in a plain, practical way. That's my way. There is not the least mystery or difficulty in dealing with this sort of people

if you only understand 'em, and can talk to 'em in their own manner. Now, you porter! Don't you ever tell me, or anybody else, my friend, that you haven't always enough to eat, and of the best; because I know better. I have tasted your tripe, you know, and you can't chaff me. You understand what 'chaff' means, eh? That's the right word, isn't it? Ha, ha! ha! Lord bless you," said the alderman, turning to his friends again, "it's the easiest thing on earth to deal with this sort of people, if you only understand 'em."

Famous man for the common people, Alderman Cate! Never out of temper with them! Easy, affable, joking, knowing gentleman!

"You see my friend," pursued the alderman, "there's a great deal of nonsense talked about want—hard up, you know; that's the phrase, isn't it? ha! ha! ha!—and I intend to put it down. There's a certain amount of cant in vogue about starvation, and I mean to put it down. That's all! Lord bless you," said the alderman, turning to his friends again, "you may put down anything among this sort of people, if you only know the way to set about it."

Trotty took Meg's hand and drew it through his arm. He didn't seem to know what he was doing though.

"Your daughter, eh?" said the alderman, chucking her familiarly under the chin.

"Always affable with the working classes, Alderman Cate! Knew what pleased them! Not a bit of pride!"

"Where's her mother?" asked that worthy gentleman.

"Dead," said Toby. "Her mother got up linen; and was called to heaven when she was born."

"Not to get up linen then, I suppose," remarked the alderman pleasantly.

Toby might or might not have been able to separate his wife in heaven from her old pursuits. But query: If Mrs. Alderman Cate had gone to heaven, would Mr. Alderman Cate have pictured her as holding any state or station there?

"And you're making love to her, are you?" said Cate to the young smith.

"Yes," returned Richard quickly, for he was nettled by the question. "And we are going to be married on New Year's Day."

"What do you mean?" cried Filer sharply. "Married?"

"Why, yes, we're thinking of it, master," said Richard. "We're rather in a hurry, you see, in case it should be put down first."

"Ah!" cried Filer, with a groan.

"Put that down, indeed, Alderman, and you'll do something. Married! Married! The ignorance of the first principles of political economy on the part of these people; their improvidence; their wickedness; is, by heavens! enough to— Now look at that couple, will you?"

Well! They were worth looking at. And marriage seemed as reasonable and fair a deed as they need have in contemplation.

"A man may live to be as old as Methuselah," said Mr. Filer, "and may labour all his life for the benefit of such people as these; and may heap up facts on figures, facts on figures, high and dry; and he can no more hope to persuade 'em that they have no right or business to be married, than he can hope to persuade 'em they have no earthly right or business to be born. And that we know they haven't. We reduced it to a mathematical certainty long ago!"

Alderman Cate was mightily diverted, and laid his right forefinger on the side of his nose, as much as to say to both his friends, "Observe me, will you? Keep your eye on the practical man!"—and called Meg to him.

"Come here, my girl!" said Alderman Cate.

The young blond of her lover had been mounting wrathfully within the last few minutes; and he was indisposed to let her come. But setting a constraint upon himself he came forward with a stride as Meg approached, and stood beside her. Trotty kept her hand within his arm still, but looked from face to face as wildly as a sleeper in a dream.

"Now, I'm going to give you a word or two of good advice, my girl," said the alderman, in his nice, easy way. "It's my place to give advice, you know; because I'm a justice. You know I'm a justice, don't you?"

Meg timidly said, "Yes." But everybody knew Alderman Cate was a justice. Oh, dear, so active a justice always! Who such a mote of brightness in the public eye as Cate?

"You are going to be married, you say," pursued the alderman. "Very unbecoming and indecent in one of your sex! But never mind that. After you are married, and come to quarrel with your husband, and come to be a distressed wife. You may think not; but you will, because I tell you so. Now, I give you fair warning, that I have made up my mind to put distressed wives down. So, don't be brought before me. You'll have children—boys—

Those boys will grow up bad, of course, and run wild in the streets, without shoes and stockings. Mind, my young friend, I'll convict 'em summarily, every one, for I am determined to put boys without shoes and stockings down. Perhaps your husband will die young (most likely) and leave you with a baby. Then you'll be turned out of doors, and wander up and down the streets, Now, don't wander near me, my dear, for I am resolved to put all wandering mothers down. All young mothers, of all sorts and kinds, it's my determination to put down. Don't think to plead illness as an excuse with me; or babies as an excuse with me; for all sick persons and young children (I hope you know the church-service, but I'm afraid not) I am determined to put down. And if you attempt, desperately, and ungratefully, and impudently, and fraudulently attempt to drown yourself, or hang yourself, I'll have no pity on you, for I have made up my mind to put all suicide down! If there is one thing," said the alderman, with his self-satisfied smile, "on which I can be said to have made up my mind more than on another, it is to put suicide down. So, don't try it on. That's the phrase, isn't it? Ha, ha! now we understand each other."

Toby knew not whether to be agonised or glad, to see that Meg had turned a leaden white, and dropped her lover's hand.

"As for you, you dull dog," said the alderman, turning with even increased cheerfulness and urbanity to the young smith, "what are you thinking of being married for? What do you want to be married for, you silly fellow? If I was a fine, young, strapping chap like you, I should be ashamed of being milksop enough to marry myself to a woman's apron strings. Why, she'll be an old woman before you're a middle-aged man! And pretty figure you'll cut then, with a draggle-tailed wife and a crowd of squalling children crying after you wherever you go!"

Oh, he knew how to banter the common people, Alderman Cate!

"There, go along with you," said the alderman, "and repent. Don't make such a fool of yourself as to get married on New Year's Day. You'll think very differently of it, long before next New Year's Day: a trim young fellow like you, with all the girls looking after you. There! Go along with you!"

They went along. Not arm in arm, or hand in hand, or interchanging bright glances; but, she in tears; he, gloomy and down-looking. Were these the hearts that had so lately

made old Toby's leap up from its faintness? No, no. The alderman (a blessing on his head!) had put them down.

"As you happen to be here," said the alderman to Toby, "you shall carry a letter for me. Can you be quick? You're an old man."

Toby, who had been looking after Meg quite stupidly, made shift to murmur out that he was very quick and very strong.

"How old are you?" inquired the alderman.

"I'm over sixty, sir," said Toby.

"Oh! This man's a great deal past the average age, you know," cried Mr. Filer, breaking in as if his patience would bear some trying, but this really was carrying matters a little too far.

"I feel I'm intruding, sir," said Toby. "I'm misjudged it this morning. Oh, dear me!"

The alderman cut him short by giving him the letter from his pocket. Toby would have got a shilling too; but Mr. Filer clearly showing that in that case he would rob a certain number of persons of ninepence-half-penny apiece, he only got sixpence; and thought himself very well off to get that.

Then the alderman gave an arm to each of his friends, and walked off in high feather; but he immediately came hurrying back alone, as if he had forgotten something.

"Porter!" said the alderman.

"Sir!" said Toby.

"Take care of that daughter of yours. She's much too handsome. Even her good looks are stolen from somebody or other I suppose, thought Toby, looking at the sixpence in his hand, and thinking of the tripe."

"She's been and robbed five hundred ladies of a bloom apiece, I shouldn't wonder. It's very dreadful!"

"She's much too handsome, my man," repeated the alderman. "The chances are, that she'll come to no good, I clearly see. Observe what I say. Take care of her!" With which he hurried off again.

"Wrong every way. Wrong every way!" said Trotty, clapping his hands. "Born bad. No business here!"

The chimes came clashing in upon him as he said the words. Full, loud, and sounding—but with no encouragement. No, not a drop.

"The tune's changed," cried the old man, as he listened. "There's not a word of all that fancy in it. Why should there be? I have no business with the new year nor with the old one neither. Let me die!"

Still the bells, pealing forth their changes, made the very air spin. "Put 'em down, put 'em down!"

Good old times, good old times! Facts

and figures, facts and figures! Put 'em down, put 'em down!" If they said anything they said this, until the brain of Toby reeled.

He pressed his bewildered head between his hands, as if to keep it from splitting asunder. A well-timed action, as it happened; for finding the letter in one of them, and being by that means reminded of his charge, he fell, mechanically, into his usual trot, and trotted off.

SECOND QUARTER.

The letter Toby had received from Alderman Cate was addressed to a great man in the great district of the town. The greatest district of the town. It must have been the greatest district of the town, because it was commonly called "the world" by its inhabitants.

The letter positively seemed heavier in Toby's hand, than another letter. Not because the alderman had sealed it with a very large coat-of-arms and no end of wax, but because of the weighty name on the superscription, and the ponderous amount of gold and silver with which it was associated.

"How different from us!" thought Toby, in all simplicity and earnestness, as he looked at the direction. "Divide the lively turtles in the bills of mortality, by the number of gentlefolks able to buy 'em; and whose share does he take but his own? As to snatching tripe from anybody's mouth—he'd scorn it!"

With the involuntary homage due to such an exalted character, Toby interposed a corner of his apron between the letter and his fingers.

"His children," said Trotty, and a mist rose before his eyes; "his daughters—gentlemen may win their hearts and marry them; they may be happy wives and mothers; they may be handsome like my darling M—"

He couldn't finish her name. The final letter swelled in his throat, to the size of the whole alphabet.

"Never mind," thought Trotty. "I know what I mean. That's more than enough for me." And with this consolatory rumination, trotted on.

It was a hard frost, that day. The air was bracing, crisp, and clear. The wintry sun, though powerless for warmth, looked brightly down upon the ice it was too weak to melt, and set a radiant glory there. At other times, Trotty might have learned a poor man's lesson from the wintry sun; but, he was past that now.

(Continued on Page 12.)

DAINTY GIFTS
FOR
LADIESENGLISH
CHINA
DESSERT
TEA
AND
COFFEE
SETS
CUT GLASS
SETS
AND
BOWLS
ETC.INSTRUCTIVE GIFTS
FOR
GIRLS & BOYSSTERLING
SILVERWAREMANICURE SETS
TOILET SETS
SCENT BOTTLES
VANITY CASES
TRINKET BOXES
PUFF BOXES
CALENDARS
PHOTO FRAMES
BRIDGE SETS
GLOVE STRETCHERS
CARD CASES
THIMBLES
MIRRORSCOMMUNITY PLATE
The Aristocrat of the Dining TableASH-TRAYS
INKSTANDS
TOBACCO BOXES
CIGARETTE CASES
SHAVING SETS
HAIR BRUSHES
EVERSHARP PENCILS
FOUNTAIN PENS
POCKET KNIVES
FRUIT KNIVES
SAFETY RAZORS
TRAVELLING CLOCKS

LADIES

GLOVES, SCARVES,
HANDKERCHIEFS
BLOUSES, JUMPERS
LEATHER and SILK BAGS
FANS, GARTERS, UNDIES,
UMBRELLAS,
FEATHER NECK WEAR
WRAPS
SHOE BUCKLESLANE,
CRAWFORD
&
COY.

MENS

TIES, GLOVES,
SILK SCARVES,
BRACES, GARTERS,
DRESSING GOWNS,
STOCKS, UMBRELLAS,
JARGER WOOLLIESTABLE
DECORATIONS.CHOCOLATES
SWEETS
FRENCH PLUMS
STUFFED PRUNES
STUFFED DATES
TABLE FIGS
PLUM PUDDINGS
MINCEMEAT
CRYSTALLIZED
FRUITS
CRYSTALLIZED
VIOLETS
CRYSTALLIZED
ROSE LEAVES
SILVER DRAGEES
MARRONS GLACE
HORS D'OEUVRES
CAVIAREGOOD THINGS
FOR THE FESTIVE BOARDWINES
SPIRITS
LIQUEUR
XMAS CRACKERS
BARCELONA NUTS
ALMOND NUTS
BRAZIL NUTS
PATE de FOIE GRAS
ELVAS PLUMS
STILTON CHEESE
CAMEMBERT CHEESE
HAMSUSEFUL GIFTS
FOR
GENTLEMENENGLISH
LEATHER
PURSES
POCKET
WALLETS
JEWEL CASES
STUD BOXES
DRESSING
CASES
POUCHES
COLLAR
BAGS
ETC.AMUSING TOYS
FOR
TOTS

THE CHINA MAIL

EXTRA

HONGKONG SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1921.

TO-DAY'S CABLES.

(Rutler's Services to the China Mail.)

BRITISH TRADE.

SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT.

LONDON, December 9.

The Board of Trade returns for November show imports at £89,000,000 compared with £144,000,000 for November last year; and exports £63,000,000 compared with £119,000,000. This slight improvement equalling £5,000,000 imports and £1,000,000 exports, however, compared with the longer month of October, 1921.

REPARATIONS DISCUSSIONS.

BRIAND GOING TO LONDON.

LONDON, December 9.

As an outcome of the reparations discussions in London between Sir Robert Horne, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and M. Lecheur, the Minister of Reconstruction, the latter is returning to Paris bearing an invitation to M. Briand to come to England to exchange views with Mr. Lloyd George.

M. Briand has agreed to come to London before Christmas to discuss reparations.

ORIENTALS BANNED.

LEGISLATION QUESTIONED.

OTTAWA, December 9.

The Dominion Government has referred to the Supreme Court the question of its power to disallow the British Columbia legislation prohibiting the employment of Chinese and Japanese on provincial government contracts.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Police Inspector Edwin John Cotton has been appointed Sanitary Inspector for Stanley.

Capt. L. Mc. C. Hussey has gone master of the s.s. "Loong Sang" in place of Capt. Lamble.

The Government's intention to construct a water-boat dock at Laichikok has reached the tender stage.

To-day's Government Gazette proclaims Shanghai a place where an infectious or contagious disease prevails.

The investigations in the western approach to the harbour on a line from Green Island to Chung Hui have been completed.

The King's exequatur empowering Mr. Teiji T. Umokami to act as Consul for Japan here has received His Majesty's signature.

Ex-members of the Royal Regiment of Artillery are reminded that the dinner will be held at the Hongkong Hotel on Oct. 15 at 8 p.m.

Eight pages of to-day's Government Gazette are required to print regulations made by the Governor in Council under the Electricity Supply Ordinance.

Among the passengers who sailed by the P. & O. s.s. "Somali" were Lt. Com. Higgins, Eng. Com. Wilkinson, Eng. Lt. Com. Wilkinson, and Pay Com. Boucher.

The rainfall for November at the Botanical Gardens was 2.43 on six days, at the Matilda Hospital, Mount Kelle it was 0.25 on four days and at the Police Station, Taipo, it was 0.88 on three days.

Under the legal Practitioners Ordinance the Governor has fixed the examiners' fees for the final examination at \$100 each. This sum must be paid to the Registrar not less than 14 days before the first examination day.

"LOVE'S PRISONER."

A splendid picture this—as elusive and mysterious as the best detective stories, with one exception: special men assigned to track criminals do not usually fall in love with their prisoners, as did Jim Garside with Nancy. (Olive Thomas) a beautiful girl acting as Lady Cleveland and robbing the rich to give to the poor. Nancy paid the penalty of her crimes and when she was released, Jim Garside, still claimed her, but this time as his "Love's Prisoner." All this happened at the World Theatre last night, when the picture of that same was screened.

SPECIAL CABLE.

SHANGHAI CHARITY.

RACE CLUB'S SPLENDID DONATIONS.

(China Mail Special.)

SHANGHAI, Dec. 10.

Owing to the successful race meetings, the Shanghai Race Club was able to distribute \$92,000 to charities, etc. During the first half of the year \$97,000 was distributed. The total distribution since 1915 amounts to \$985,606. A Shanghai charity trust has been formed by the stewards to reserve proportion of the funds available each half year applied to be invested to the account of the trust.

THREE NEW LIGHTS.

AIDS TO NAVIGATION.

Beginning from to-night three new Aga navigation lights will be exhibited in the following positions:—Tong Ku Island (lat. 22° 22' 45" long. 113° 52' 45"), white flash every 5 seconds.

Tathong Point, Lam Tong Island (lat. 22° 14' 21" long. 114° 17' 77"), white flash every five seconds with red sector showing over Bockhara Rocks from 28 deg. to 37 deg. 1'.

Channel Rocks, in Kowloon Bay (long. 22° 18' 25" lat. 114° 12' 52") white flash every five seconds.

The one at Tong Ku should prove useful to river steamers and the others will be a big help to navigation coming in from the North.

BANQUE INDUSTRIELLE.

SHANGHAI COMMENT ON HONGKONG MEETING.

Depositors in the Banque Industrielle in Hongkong are growing weary of so many fair promises, in which, by the way, Hongkong has been more prolific than almost any other region, and has resolved to telegraph to Paris and "strongly urge the French Government to redress its pledged word and issue as soon as possible an official statement as to when the reopening of the Banque or the payment of the depositors may be expected." It is now very nearly a year since spontaneous assurances by the French Government that the bank was solid stopped many depositors from withdrawing their money, and six months since the actual suspension, says the N.C.D. News.

The dissatisfaction felt with the protracted silence, that is to say, as regards any tangible outcome, is wide and deep. "Lloyd's Weekly" put the case in a nutshell on Saturday thus:—What the depositors here want to know is: is there an active, live organization here which has set out to press the claims of local men? Talk costs nothing. What has been done? "Taipan" has held his hand in order not to hinder the men who intended to make the overtures. Men see little hope of getting satisfaction. A policy of "drift" intensifies the impression.

What makes matters worse is that the statements issued about the bank's affairs for consumption in the Far East have been so much at variance with what Home newspapers have published. While out here we have been continually assured that all will yet be well, writers on finance at Home have held and have given reasons for holding the exactly opposite view. If there is no reasonable prospect of the bank paying up, it would be far better to say so outright and be done with it.

CONSIGNEES' NOTICES.

Cargo from the s.s. "Matsumoto Maru" not cleared by Dec. 15 will be subject to rent. Damaged cargo will be examined on Tuesday and Friday. Agents—Nippon Yusen Kaisha.

Cargo from the s.s. "Dandara" not cleared by Dec. 15 will be subject to rent. Damaged cargo will be examined on Dec. 15 at 10 a.m. Agents—Gibby Livingston and Co., Ltd.

Cargo from the s.s. "West Prospect" not cleared by Dec. 15 will be subject to rent. Damaged cargo will be examined on Dec. 15 at 10 a.m. Agents—Messrs. Straits and Dixon.

Cargo from the s.s. "Odeko" not cleared by Dec. 15 will be subject to rent. Damaged cargo will be examined on Dec. 15 at 10 a.m. Agents—Messrs. Straits and Dixon.

COMPANY MEETING.

CHINA LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY (1918) LTD.

The third ordinary general meeting of the above Company was held at the offices of the Company, St. George's Building, Chater Road, at 11 a.m., to-day.

Mr. R. G. Shewan was in the Chair, and was supported by the Hon. Sir Paul Chater, C.M.G., and Messrs. H. P. White and S. S. Perry (Consulting Committee.)

The following shareholders were present: Messrs. R. Farrant, A. A. Cordeiro, A. A. Botelho, Tsai Tsan tin, F. J. Tavaras, J. Toppin, H. H. Taylor, F. M. Ellis, A. S. Ellis and Poon I-cho (acting secretary).

After the secretary had read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman said:—Gentlemen; We have now to lay before you the report and accounts for the year ended 30th September, which, with your permission, we will dispense with reading. With the balance of \$122,873.22 at credit of Profit and Loss Account we propose.

To write off Goodwill Account \$30,000.00

To pay a Dividend of 50 cents per Old share 50,000.00

and 40 cents per New share 40,000.00

and to place to the Credit of Bad & Doubtful Debts A/c 2,873.22

and we hope you will approve of this allocation of the profits.

Owing to labour and other difficulties at home, the new plant did not reach us until long after it was due, and the new factory at Hok On was consequently not completed until the end of September. In the meantime we had to do the best we could with our old engine, which could not cope with all the business we were offered. Our income also was materially affected by the reduction in our charge for lighting, so that we were working at a considerable disadvantage throughout the year. But in spite of these handicaps, our earnings show a slight increase, and now that our new installation is all erected and in full swing, with a good demand for both light and power, we have every reason to look forward to a steady increase in our business in future.

With regard to the Accounts there is nothing in them that calls for special remark, as they are set out in considerable detail and speak for themselves. There will, however, be some changes to be made in the ensuing year as our assets will include the new land at Hok On which we have obtained in exchange for the old factory plus \$10,000 to cover the old buildings which the Government take over. None of this affects the present accounts as we had not then completed the transfer of the old property but after that is done we shall take the opportunity of readjusting the values of the land, buildings and machinery, which have all been more or less affected by the alterations and additions necessitated by the change of factory and the transfer of the old plant to the new site.

It has taken a good deal of money to effect the transfer of the factory and to purchase and erect the new machinery in addition to the cost of putting our main lines underground, and you will notice that to provide the necessary funds, we had to borrow on Debentures, to the extent of \$638,424.50. However, our present Capital expenditure is now at an end, and, as earnings increase, we shall be able to reduce our indebtedness accordingly. As for the future, I can say no more than that our prospects seem very good indeed, and, as Kowloon continues to develop, so should our business over there expand.

I now propose that the Report and Accounts as presented be adopted and passed, and that the profit for the year be distributed as proposed. When that has been seconded, I shall be very pleased to answer any questions from Shareholders.

The Hon. Sir Paul Chater seconded and the motion was carried unanimously.

On the proposal of Mr. H. H. Taylor, seconded by Mr. A. A. Cordeiro, the Hon. Sir Paul Chater, and Messrs. H. P. White, S. S. Perry, and T. F. Hough were unanimously re-elected members of the Consulting Committee for the ensuing year.

Messrs. Linthead and Davies and Messrs. Lowe, Bligham and Matthews were re-elected auditors for the ensuing year on the proposal of Mr. S. S. Perry, seconded by Mr. H. P. White.

The Chairman said:—That is all the business, gentlemen, I thank you for your attendance. Dividend warrants are ready for issue.

HONGKONG WOMEN'S GUILD.

FINE RESULT OF THE RECENT BAZAAR.

The total proceeds of the recent Bazaar and of entertainments held during the year amount to \$16,428.38. This sum has been allocated by the Committee as follows:—

HOME CHARITIES.

Hongkong Cct at M.C.L. Home, Ottershaw, Surrey..... \$2,500.00

Trafalgar Home for Orphans, Portsmouth..... 1,250.00

Merchant Service Guild for Widows and Orphans..... 1,250.00

The Royal Soldiers' Daughters' Home, Hampstead..... 1,250.00

The Orphan Homes of Scotland (Quarries)..... 750.00

Officers' Families Fund..... 500.00

Evelina Hospital for Children, Southwark, S. E..... 1,500.00

The Children's Ward of the London Hospital..... 1,500.00

Total..... \$ 10,500.00

LOCAL CHARITIES.

French Convent..... 100.00

Italian Convent..... 350.00

Netherdale Hospital..... 100.00

London Mission Training School..... 200.00

Baxter Mission Day Schools..... 400.00

Village School Fund (Miss Pitts)..... 600.00

Fairfax School (C.M.S.), Bonham Road..... 400.00

C.M.S. Victoria Home and Orphanage (Miss Storey)..... 1,000.00

Blind Home, Kowloon (\$1,000 special donation for building fund)..... 2,000.00

Total..... \$ 6,850.00

Grand Total..... 16,350.00

Balance in hand..... 78.38

Total..... \$16,428.38

Lady STUBBS.

President.

Mrs. R. B. Young, Hon. Secretary.

Lady STUART-TAYLOR, Hon. Treasurer.

HONGKONG TRADE.

MARKET DULL REPORTS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Cotton piece goods and Fancy cotton goods.—Our market is dull and uninteresting. No revival is anticipated before China New Year. Local values have declined and are below Home parities in most cases.

REMARKS.

Cotton Yarn.—At the commencement of the interval, values firmed up about 1 3/5 per bale, but subsequently reverted to their former levels owing to expectations of fairly heavy arrivals from Shanghai. A fair volume of business was transacted.

Quotations are:—No. 10s \$160/194; No. 12s \$160/200. No. 16s \$195/225. No. 20s \$205/225. Arrivals 1,500 bales. Sales 4,000 bales. Shipments nil. Unsold stock 1,000 bales. Bargains 6,000 bales.

Woolen.—There is no change in the market.

Raw Cottons.—A few hundred bales of Bengali Cotton changed hands at \$25/23, following are the approximate closing values:—Indian descriptions at \$23/31 per picul. Chinese descriptions at \$29/36 per picul.

Metals.—Business very dull. Lower exchange has more than discounted the fall in prices quoted from London.

Yellow Metal.—Nominal Nil.

Petroleum Products.—No change.

Flour Market Report.—Stock: About 600,000 sacks.

Quotations: American Patent \$3.80 per sack; American Straight \$2.85 per sack; American Cut off \$2.95 per sack; Shanghai Flour \$3.20 per sack; Australian No. 1 \$2.90 per sack.

Sundries.—Market steady but quiet.

Sugar.—Market active.

Saltpetre.—Stock 4,000 Bags. Market steady.

Boiled down, on order by the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council published in to-day's Government Gazette, makes the Maintenance Order (Facilities for Enforcement) Act apply to Hongkong, Aden, Ceylon, Gibraltar, and St. Lucia.

LOCAL WEDDING.

CHALONER-JOSELAND.

UNION CHURCH CEREMONY.

This morning at Union Church, the marriage took place of Mr. Robert Minto Chaloner, of Messrs. Butterfield and Swire, son of Mr. T. C. Chaloner of Streatham, and Mrs. Agnes Cameron Joseland, widow of the late Mr. A. N. Joseland and daughter of Mrs. J. Macdonald formerly Government Marine Surveyor in Hongkong.

The bride wore tea rose crepe georgette trimmed with lace of the same colour and her hat was of bronze lace. She carried a bouquet of bronze coloured chrysanthemums. Miss Macdonald, sister of the bride, acted as Maid of Honour and she wore powder blue crepe de chine with an overdress of net, embroidered in pink. Her hat was of black panne trimmed with pink and blue and she had a bouquet of pink roses.

Mr. J. K. Macdonald, of Messrs. Butterfield and Swire, gave the bride away, and Mr. D. L. Ralph, also of Butterfield and Swire acted as best man. The wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Kirk Macdonald.

A reception was held afterwards at the Hongkong Hotel and then Mr. and Mrs. Chaloner proceeded to Reunion Bay prior to sailing on Monday for Baguio, in the Philippines, where their honeymoon will be spent. The bride's going away dress was a fawn gabardine costume with a navy hat and a white fox fur.

The bridegroom's present to the bride was a diamond and platinum brooch and the bride gave the bridegroom a gold wristlet watch.

NEXT YEAR'S HOLIDAYS.

Under the Holidays Ordinance the Governor has decreed general holidays for the first week day following Chinese New Year's Day and the first week day in July, in addition Armistice Day in substitution for the Monday which falls on or nearest November 9.

The following public and general holidays will be observed as Government holidays in 1922:—

PUBLIC HOLIDAY.

Empire Day, Wednesday, May 24.

GENERAL HOLIDAYS.

Every Sunday.

The first week-day of January, Monday, January 2.

Chinese New Year's Day, or if that day should be a Sunday then the following day. Provided that if the Chinese hereafter adopt the Gregorian Calendar then the second week-day in January, Saturday, January 28.

The first week-day following Chinese New Year's Day, Monday, January 30.

Good Friday, Friday, April 14.

The day following Good Friday Saturday, April 15.

Easter Monday, Monday April 17.

The Birthday of His Majesty the King, unless it shall be ordered by the Governor, by an order published in the Gazette, that His Majesty's Birthday is to be kept on some other day, and then, such other day; Saturday, June 3.

Whit Monday, Monday, June 5.

The first week-day in July, Saturday, July 1.

The first Monday in August, Monday, August 7.

The second Monday in October, Monday, October 9.

Armistice Day, Saturday, November 11.

Christmas Day, or if that day should be a Sunday then the following day, Monday, December 25.

The twenty-sixth day of December, or if that day should be a Sunday then the following day, unless Christmas Day fall on a Sunday then the Tuesday following Christmas Day Tuesday, December 26.

The Police Magistrates' Department has been excluded from the operation of the Holidays Ordinance, January 2 and 30, April 15 and 17, June 3 and 5, July 1, August 7, October 9, November 11, and December 25.

The feature attraction at the Kowloon Theatre to-morrow evening is "The Woman and the Law," an impressive seven-part picture based on the successful play so popular in Britain and America. "The Woman and the Law" will be shown for two nights only with the usual matinee on Sunday afternoon. The Kinema dates, now an established feature at this popular place of amusement, will take place as usual with the exception, of course, of the Sunday performance.

TO-DAY'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ex-Members of the ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

DINNER.

It is desired to remind all those who have sent in their names that the DINNER will be held at the Hongkong Hotel, on THURSDAY, 15th December, at 8 p.m. Morning Dress.

Any who have not yet sent in their names and are desirous of attending the dinner are requested to advise the undersigned not later than WEDNESDAY, 14th December.

L. S. GREENHILL,
5, Queen's Road Central.
Hongkong, December 10, 1921.

CITY HALL.

(Upstairs)

Madame Lottie Gordon's AFTERNOON CHRISTMAS CO-CONCERT.

For the Xmas Gift Fund for the Blind Home, Pokfulam Home, and Home for the Aged, Kowloon.

Thursday next, December 15th, at 5.30 p.m.

Booking opens Wednesday next, at 10 a.m.

Tickets \$2 reserved, \$1 unreserved.

A great programme. Make the Blind and the Aged happy at Xmas Time by coming.

TO LET.

TO LET—FLOOR in the new Bank Building, 4 Des Vaux Road Central. Apply to The Hongkong Land Investment & Agency Co., Ltd.

PUBLIC AUCTIONS.

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction, on

MONDAY, December 12, 1921, commencing at 11 a.m.

at their Sales Rooms, Duddell Street, 3 cases Army Blankets, 10 pieces Navy Union Broadcloth, 8 pieces Melton Serge, 1 piece Black Serge, 10 kegs Aloxiote Grains, 620 packets H. P. Manganese Jointing, 5 cases Dry Vermillion, 9 rolls Insulated Paper, 3 cases Puri Bank Nibs, 20 tins Printing Ink, 3 coils Wire Ropes, 6 dozen Safety Razors, 3 boxes Brown Duff.

TERMS:—Cash on delivery.

LAMBERT BROS., Auctioneers.

OR

TUESDAY, December 13, 1921, commencing at 11 a.m.

at No. 10 Godown of the Hongkong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co., Ltd. Kowloon.

38 bales Straw Board, (more or less damaged by sea-water), and 22 bales of No. 4 Godown. 388 Bundles Rattan.

TERMS:—Cash on delivery.

LAMBERT BROS., Auctioneers.

OR

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 14, 1921, commencing at 11 a.m.

at their Sales Rooms, Duddell Street, 5 Bales White M. G. Cap Paper 20" x 58", 48 lbs. to ream. 5 Bales Glazed News Printing Paper 20" x 50", 80 lbs. to ream. 10 Bales Grey Packing Paper 31" x 43", 60 lbs. to ream. 10 Bales Grey Packing Paper 31" x 43", 80 lbs. to ream.

TERMS:—Cash on delivery.

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LAMBERT BROS., Auctioneers.

Hongkong, December 10, 1921.

HONGKONG HOTEL

GARAGE

Agents for:—

ROLLS ROYCE

CADILLAC

STUDEBAKER

WHITE TRUCKS

ROYAL CORD TYRES

"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 10.)

The year was old, that day. The patient year had lived through the reproaches and misuses of its slanders, and faithfully performed its work. Spring, summer, autumn, winter. It had laboured through the destined, round, and now laid down its weary head to die. Shut out from hope, high impulse, active happiness, itself, but messenger of many joys to others, it made appeal in its decline to have its toiling days and patient hours remembered, and to die in peace. Trotty might have read a poor man's allegory in the fading year; but he was past that now.

And only he? Or has the like appeal been ever made, by seventy years at once upon an English labourer's head, and made in vain!

The streets were full of motion, and the shops were decked out gaily. The new year, like an infant heir to the whole world, was waited for, with welcomes, presents, and rejoicings. There were books and toys for the new year, dresses for the new year, schemes of fortune for the new year, new inventions to beguile it. Its life was parcelled out in almanacs and pocket-books; the coming of its moons and stars, and tides was known beforehand to the moment; all the workings of its seasons in their days and nights, were calculated with as much precision as Mr. Filer could work sums in men and women.

The new year, the new year. Everywhere the new year! The old year was already looked upon as dead; and its effects were selling cheap, like some drowned mariner's aboardship. Its patterns were last year's, and going at a sacrifice, before its breath was gone. Its treasures were mere dirt, beside the riches of its unborn successor.

Trotty had no portion, to his thinking, in the new year or the old. "Put 'em down, put 'em down! Facts and figures, facts and figures! Good old times, good old times! Put 'em down, put 'em down!"—his trot went to that measure, and would fit itself to nothing else.

But even that one, melancholy as it was, brought him, in due time, to the end of his journey. To the mansion of Sir Joseph Bowley, Member of Parliament.

The door was opened by a porter. Such a porter! Not of Toby's order. Quite another thing. His place was the ticket, though; not Toby's.

This porter underwent some hard panting before he could speak; having breathed himself by coming in-

cautiously out of his chair, without first taking time to think about it and compose his mind. When he had found his voice—which it took him some time to do, for it was a long way off, and hidden under a load of meat—he said in a fat whisper—
"Who's it from?"

Toby told him.
"You're to take it in yourself," said the porter, pointing to a room at the end of a long passage, opening straight in, on this day of the year. You're not a bit too soon: for the carriage is at the door now, and they have only come to town for a couple of hours, a-purpose."

Toby wiped his feet (which were quite dry already) with great care, and took the way pointed out to him; observing as he went that it was an awfully grand house, but hushed and covered up, as if the family were in the country. Knocking at the room door, he was told to enter from within; and doing so found himself in a spacious library, where, at a table strewn with files and papers, were a stately lady in a bonnet; and a not very stately gentleman in black, who wrote from her dictation; while another, and an older, and a much stouter gentleman, whose hat and cane were on the table, walked up and down, with one hand in his breast, and looked complacently from time to time at his own picture—a full-length; a very full-length—hanging over the fireplace.

"What is this?" said the last-named gentleman. "Mr. Fish, will you have the goodness to attend?"

Mr. Fish begged pardon, and taking the letter from Toby, handed it, with great respect.

From Alderman Cute, Sir Joseph.

"Is this all? Have you nothing else, porter?" inquired Sir Joseph.

Toby replied in the negative.

"You have no bill or demand upon me—my name is Bowley, Sir Joseph Bowley—of any kind from anybody, have you?" said Sir Joseph. "If you have, present it. There is a cheque-book by the side of Mr. Fish. I allow nothing to be carried into the new year. Every description of account is settled in this house at the close of the old one. So that if death was to—"

"To cut," suggested Mr. Fish.

"To sever, sir," returned Sir Joseph, with great asperity, "the cord of existence—my affairs would be found, I hope, in a state of preparation."

"My dear Sir Joseph!" said the lady, who was greatly younger than the gentleman. "How shocking!"

"My Lady Bowley," returned Sir Joseph, floundering now and then, as

in the great depth of his observations, "at this season of the year we should think of—of—ourselves. We should look into our—our accounts. We should feel that every return of so eventful a period in human transactions, involves matter of deep moment between a man and his—and his banker."

Sir Joseph delivered these words as if he felt the full morality of what he was saying; and desired that even Trotty should have an opportunity of being improved by such discourse. Possibly he had this end before him in still forbearing to break the seal of the letter, and in telling Trotty to wait where he was, a minute.

"You were desiring Mr. Fish to say, my lady—"

"Mr. Fish has said that, I believe," returned his lady, glancing at the letter. "But, upon my word, Sir Joseph, I don't think I can let it go after all. It is so very dear."

"What is dear?" inquired Sir Joseph.

"That charity, my love. They only allow two votes for a subscription of five pounds. Really monstrous!"

"My Lady Bowley," returned Sir Joseph, "you surprise me. Is the luxury of feeling in proportion to the number of votes; or is it, to a rightly-constituted mind, in proportion to the number of applicants, and the whole some state of mind to which their canvassing reduces them? Is there no excitement of the purest kind in having two votes to dispose of among fifty people?"

"Not to me, I acknowledge," returned the lady. "It bores me. Besides, one can't oblige one's acquaintance. But you are the poor man's friend, you know, Sir Joseph. You think otherwise."

"I am the poor man's friend," observed Sir Joseph, glancing at the poor man present. "As such I may be taunted. As such I have been taunted. But I ask no other title."

"Bless him for a noble gentleman!" thought Trotty.

"I don't agree with Cute here, for instance," said Sir Joseph, holding out the letter. "I don't agree with the Filer party. I don't agree with any party. My friend the poor man, has no business with anything of that sort, and nothing of that sort has any business with him. My friend the poor man, in my district, is my business. No man or body of men has any right to interfere between my friend and me. This is the ground I take. I assume a paternal character towards my friend. I say, 'My good fellow, I will treat you paternally.'"

Toby listened with great gravity, and began to feel more comfortable.

"Your only business, my good fellow," pursued Sir Joseph, looking abstractedly at Toby—"your only business in life is with me. You needn't trouble yourself to think about anything. I will think for you; I know what is good for you; I am your perpetual parent. Such is the dispensation of an all-wise Providence! Now, the design of your creation is—not that you should swill, and guzzle, and associate your enjoyments, brutally, with food!"—Toby thought remorsefully of the tripe—"but that you should feel the dignity of labour. Go forth erect into the cheerful morning air, and—stop there. Live hard and temperately, be respectful, exercise your self-denial, bring up your family on next to nothing, pay your rent as regularly as the clock strikes, be punctual in your dealings (I set you a good example; you will find Mr. Fish, my confidential secretary, with a cash-box before him at all times), and you may trust to me to be your friend and father."

"Nice children, indeed, Sir Joseph!" said the lady, with a shudder. "Rheumatisms, and fevers, and crooked legs, and asthmas, and all kinds of horrors!"

"My lady," returned Sir Joseph with solemnity, "not the less am I the poor man's friend and father. Not the less shall he receive encouragement at my hands. Every quarter-day he will be put in communication with Mr. Fish. Every New Year's Day, myself and friends will drink his health. Once every year, myself and friends will address him with the deepest feeling. Once in his life, he may even perhaps receive—in public, in the presence of the gentry—a trifle from a friend. And when, upheld by the dignity of labour, he sinks into his comfortable grave, then, my lady—here Sir Joseph blew his nose—"I will be a friend and father—on the same terms—to his children."

Toby was greatly moved.

"Oh! You have a thankful family, Sir Joseph!" cried his wife.

"My lady," said Sir Joseph, quite majestically, "ingratitude is known to be the sin of that class. I expect no other return."

"Ah! Born bad!" thought Toby.

"Nothing melts us."

"What man can do, I do," pursued Sir Joseph. "I do my duty as the poor man's friend and father, and I endeavour to educate his mind, by inculcating on all occasions the one great moral lesson which that class requires. That is, entire dependence on myself. They have no business whatever with—themselves. If

wicked and designing persons tell them otherwise, and they become impatient and discontented, and are guilty of insubordinate conduct and black-hearted ingratitude—which is undoubtedly the case—I am their friend and father still. It is so ordained. It is in the nature of things."

With that great sentiment, he opened the alderman's letter, and read it.

"Very polite and attentive, I am sure!" exclaimed Sir Joseph. "My lady, the alderman is so obliging as to remind me that he has had 'the distinguished honour'—he is very good—of meeting me at the house of our mutual friend Deedles, the banker; and he does me the favour to inquire whether it will be agreeable to me to have Will Fern put down."

"Most agreeable!" replied my lady Bowley. "The worst man among them! He has been committing a robbery, I hope?"

"Why, no," said Sir Joseph, referring to the letter. "Not quite. Very near. Not quite. He came up to London, it seems, to look for employment (trying to better himself—that's his story), and being found at night asleep in a shed, was taken into custody, and carried next morning before the alderman. The alderman observes (very properly) that if it will be agreeable to me to have Will Fern put down, he will be happy to begin with him."

"Let him be made an example of, by all means," returned the lady. "Last winter, when I introduced pinking and eyelet-holing among the men and boys in the village, as a nice evening employment, and had the lines,

Oh, let us love our occupations,
Bless the squire and his relations,
Live upon our daily rations,
And always know our proper stations,

set to music on the new system, or them to sing the while; this very Fern—I see him now—touched that hat of his, and said, 'I humbly ask your pardon, my lady, but ain't I something different from a great girl?' I expected it, of course; who can expect anything but insolence, and ingratitude from that class of people? That is not to the purpose, however. Sir Joseph. Make an example of him!"

"Hem!" coughed Sir Joseph. Mr. Fish, if you'll have the goodness to attend—"

Mr. Fish immediately seized his pen, and wrote from Sir Joseph's dictation.

"Private. My dear Sir—I am very much indebted to you for your courtesy in the matter of the man William Fern, of whom, I regret to

add, I can say nothing favourable. I have uniformly considered myself in the light of his friend and father, but have been repaid (a common case, I grieve to say) with ingratitude, and constant opposition to my plans. He is a turbulent and rebellious spirit. His character will not bear investigation. Nothing will persuade him to be happy when he might. Under these circumstances, it appears to me, I own, that when he comes before you again (as you informed me he promised to do tomorrow, pending your inquiries, and I think he may be so far relied upon), his committal for some short time, as a vagabond, would be a service to society, and would be salutary example in a country where—for the sake of those who are, through good and evil report, the friends and fathers of the poor, as well with a view to that, generally speaking, misguided class themselves—examples are greatly needed. And I am—"

and so forth.

"It appears," remarked Sir Joseph, when he had signed this letter, and Mr. Fish was sealing it, as if this were ordained: really. At the close of the year, I wind up my account and strike my balance, even with William Fern!"

Trotty, who had long ago relapsed, and was very low spirited, stepped forward with a rueful face to take the letter.

"With my compliments and thanks," said Sir Joseph. "Stop!"

"Stop!" echoed Mr. Fish.

"You have heard, perhaps," said Sir Joseph oracularly, "certain remarks into which I have been led respecting the solemn period of time at which we have arrived, and the duty imposed upon us of settling our affairs, and being prepared. You have observed that I don't shelter myself behind my superior standing in society, but that Mr. Fish—that gentleman—has a cheque-book at his elbow, and is in fact here, to enable me to turn over a perfectly new leaf, and enter on the epoch before us with a clean account. Now, my friend, can you lay your hand upon your heart and say, that you also have made preparation for a new year?"

"I am afraid, sir," stammered Trotty, looking meekly at him. "that I am—"

"Behindhand with the world!" repeated Sir Joseph Bowley, in a tone of terrible distinctness.

"I am afraid, sir," faltered Trotty "that there's a matter of ten or twelve shillings owing to Mrs. Chickenstalker."

"To Mrs. Chickenstalker!" repeated Sir Joseph, in the same tone as before.

"A shop, sir," exclaimed Toby, "in the general line. Also a—little money on account of rent. A very little, sir. It oughtn't to be owing, I know, but we have been hard put to it, indeed!"

Sir Joseph looked at his lady, and at Mr. Fish, and at Trotty, one after another, twice all round. He then made a despondent gesture with both hands at once, as if he gave the thing up altogether.

"How a man, even among this improvident and impracticable race—an old man; a man grown gray—can look a new year in the face, with his affairs in this condition; how he can lie down on his bed at night and get up again in the morning, and—There!" he said, turning his back on Trotty. "Take the letter. Take the letter!"

"I heartily wish it was otherwise, sir," said Trotty, anxious to excuse himself. "We have been tried very hard."

Sir Joseph still repeating, "Take the letter, take the letter!" and Mr. Fish not only saying the same thing, but giving additional force to the request by motioning the bearer to the door, he had nothing for it but to make his bow and leave the house.

And in the street, poor Trotty pulled his worn old hat down on his head, to hide the grief he felt at getting no hold on the new year, anywhere.

It didn't even lift his hat to look up at the bell tower, when he came to the old church on his return. He halted there a moment, from habit, and knew that it was growing dark, and that the steeple rose above him, indistinct and faint, in the murky air. He knew, too, that the chimes would ring immediately; and that they sounded to his fancy, at such a time, like voices in the clouds. But he only made the more haste to deliver the alderman's letter, and get out of the way before they began; for he dreaded to hear them tagging "Friends and fathers, friends and fathers," to the burden they had rung out last.

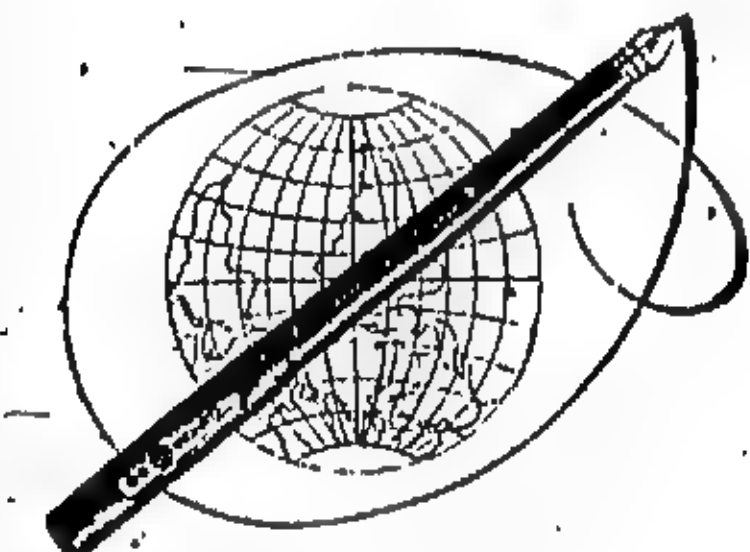
Toby discharged himself of his commission, therefore, with all possible speed, and set off trotting homeward. But what with his pace, which was at best an awkward one in the street, and what with his hat, which didn't improve it, he trotted against somebody in less than no time, and was sent staggering out into the road.

(Continued on Page 14.)

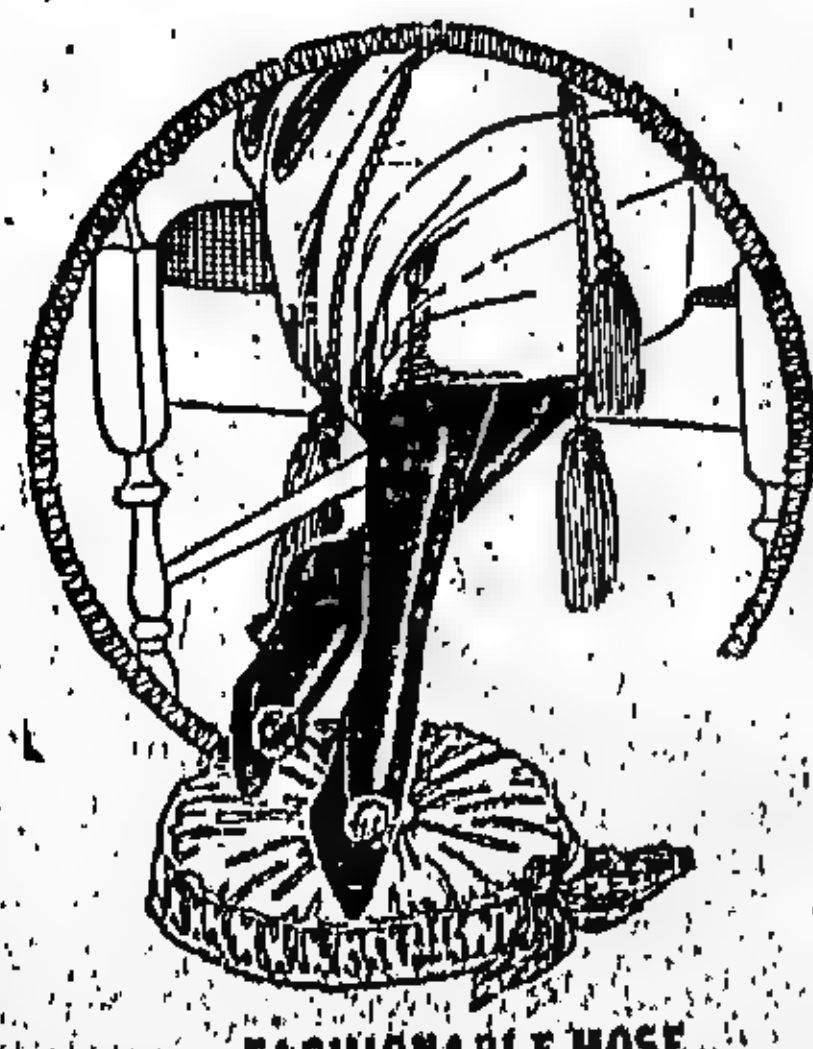


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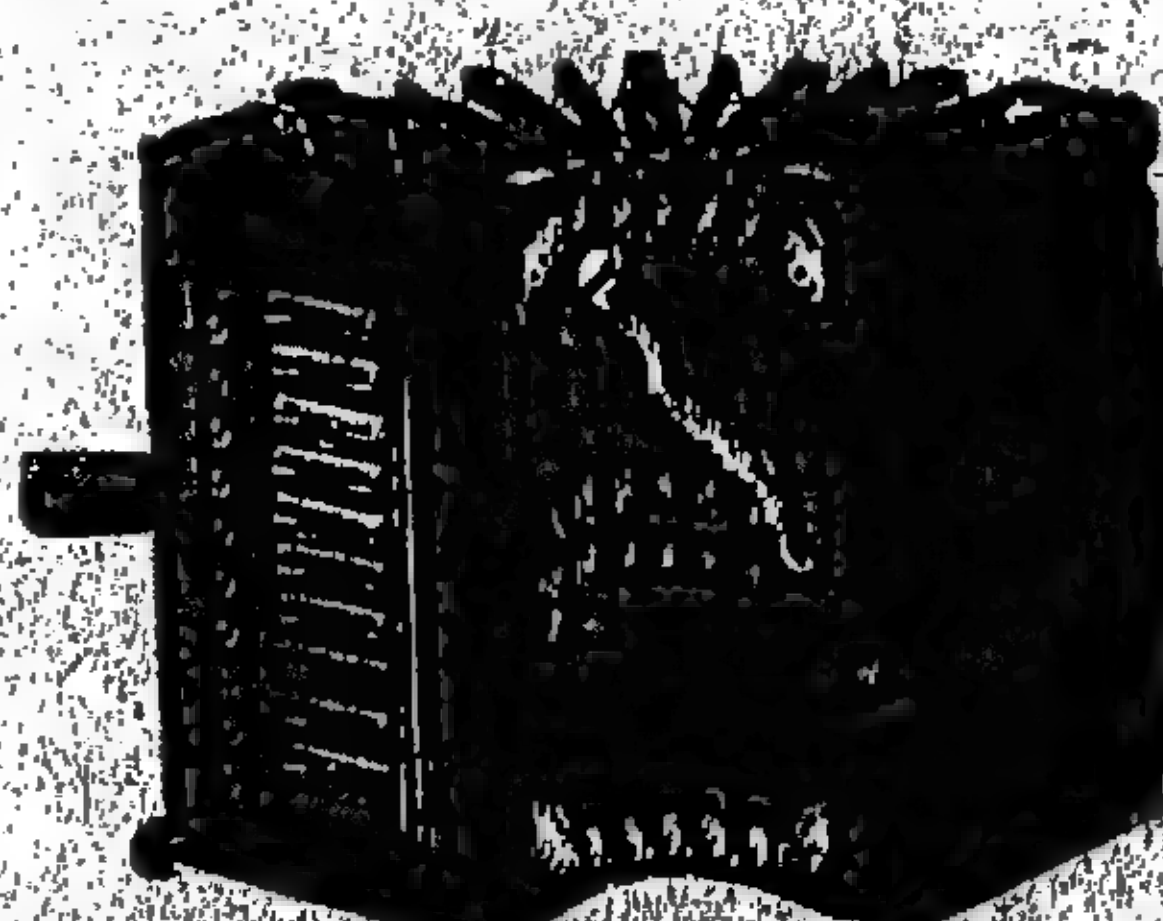
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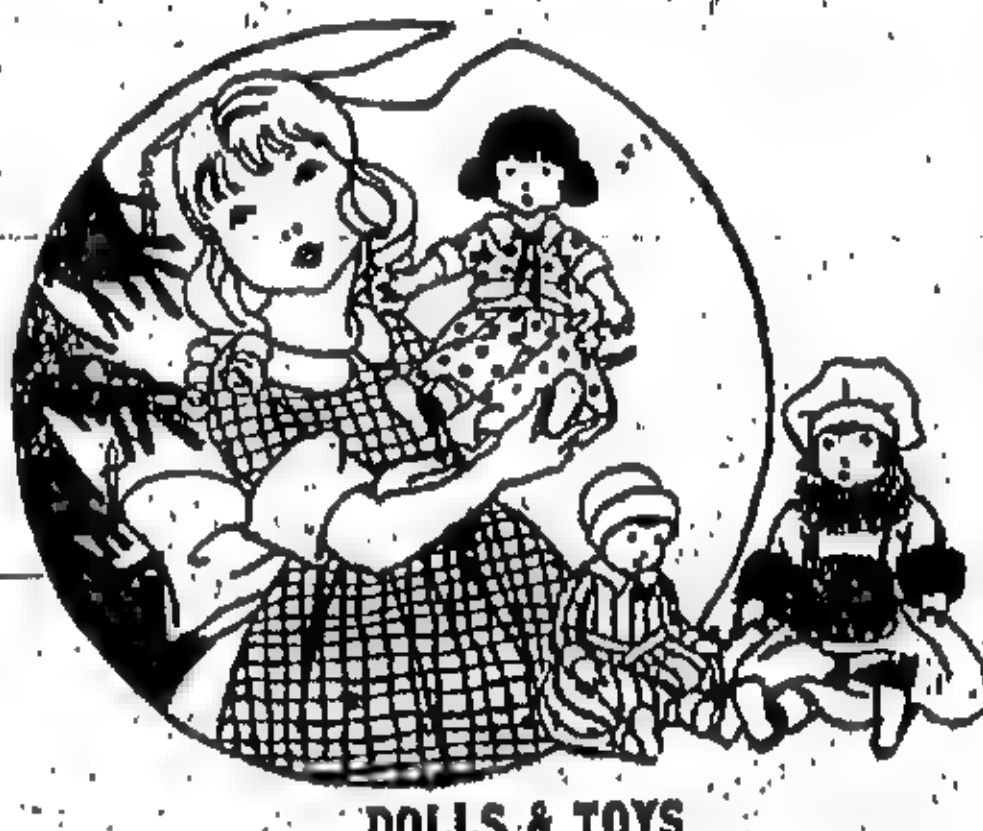
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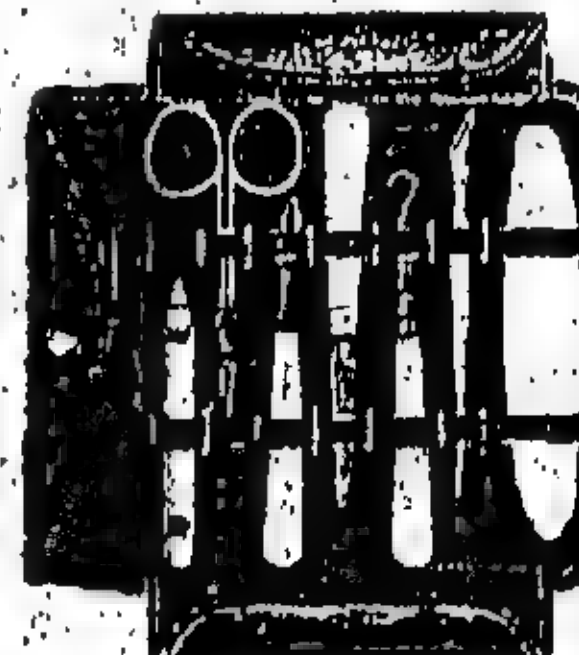
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"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 12)

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure!" said Trotty, pulling up his hat in great confusion, and between the hat and the torn lining, fixing his head into a kind of beehive. "I hope I haven't hurt you."

As to hurting anybody, Toby was not such an absolute Samson, but that he was much more likely to be hurt himself; and, indeed, he had flown out into the road like a shuttlecock. He had such an opinion of his own strength, however, that he was in real concern for the other party; and said again—

"I hope I haven't hurt you?"

The man against whom he had run—a sun-browned, sinewy, country-looking man, with grizzled hair, and a rough chin—stared at him for a moment, as if he suspected him to be in jest. But, satisfied of his good faith, he answered—

"No, friend. You have not hurt me."

"Nor the child, I hope?" said Trotty.

"I thank you kindly."

As he said so, he glanced at a little girl he carried in his arms, asleep; and shading her face with the long end of the poor handkerchief he wore about his throat, went slowly on.

The tone in which he said, "I thank you kindly," penetrated Trotty's heart. He was so jaded and footsore, and so soiled with travel, and looked about him so forlorn and strange, that it was a comfort to him to be able to thank any one: no matter how little. Toby stood gazing after him as he plodded wearily away, with the child's arm clinging round his neck.

At the figure in the worn shoes—now the very shade and ghost of shoes—rough leather leggings, common frock, and broad slouched hat, Trotty stood gazing, blind to the whole street. And at the child's arm, clinging round its neck.

Before he merged into darkness the traveller stopped; and looking round, and seeing Trotty standing there yet, seemed undecided whether to return or go on. After doing first the one and then the other, he came back, and Trotty went half way to meet him.

"You can tell me, perhaps," said the man, with a faint smile—"and if you can I am sure you will, and I'd rather ask you than another—where Alderman Cate lives."

"Close at hand," replied Toby.

"I'll show you his house with pleasure."

"I was to have gone to him else where to-morrow," said the man, accompanying Toby, "but I'm uneasy under suspicion, and want to clear myself, and to be free to go and seek my bread—I don't know where. So, maybe he'll forgive my going to his house to-night."

"It's impossible," cried Toby, with a start, "that your name's Fern!"

"En!" cried the other, turning on him in astonishment.

"Fern! Will Fern!" said Trotty.

"That's my name," replied the other.

"Why, then," cried Trotty, seizing him by the arm, and looking cautiously round, "for Heaven's sake don't go to him! Don't go to him! He'll put you down as sure as ever you were born. He'll come up this alley, and I'll tell you what I mean. Don't go to him."

His new acquaintance looked as if he thought him mad; but he bore him company nevertheless. When they were shrouded from observation, Trotty told him what he knew, and what character he had received, and all about it.

The subject of his history listened to it with a calmness that surprised him. He did not contradict or interrupt it, once. He nodded his head now and then—more in corroboration of an old and worn-out story; it appeared, than in refutation of it; and once or twice threw back his hat, and passed his freckled hand over a brow, where every furrow he had ploughed seemed to have set its image in little. But he did no more.

"It's true enough in the main," he said, "master; I could sift grain from husk here and there, but let it be as 'tis. What odds? I have gone against his plans; to my misfortune. I can't help it; I should do the like to-morrow. As to character, then, gentlemen will search and search and pry and pry, and have it as free from spot or speck in us, afore they'll help us to a dry good word! Well! I hope they don't lose good opinion as easy as we do, or good lives is strict indeed, and hardly worth the keeping. For myself, master, I never took with that hand—holding it before him—what wasn't my own; and never held it back from work, however hard, or poorly paid. Whoever can deny it, let him chop it off! But when work won't maintain me like a human creature; when my living is so bad, that I am hungry, out of doors and in; when I see a whole working life begin that way, go on that way, and end that way, without a chance or change; then I say to the gentlemen

"Keep away from me! Let my cottage be. My doors is dark enough without your darkening of 'em more. Don't look for me to come up into the park to help the show when there's a birthday, or a fine speech-making 'er, what not. Act your plays and games without me, and be welcome to 'em and enjoy 'em. We've now to do with one another. I'm best let alone!"

Seeing that the child in his arms had opened her eyes, and was looking about her in wonder, he checked himself to say a word or two of foolish prattle in her ear, and stand her on the ground beside him. Then slowly winding one of her long tresses round and round his rough forefinger like a ring, while she hung about his dusty leg, he said to Trotty—

"I'm not a cross-grained man by nature, I believe; and easy satisfied, I'm sure. I bear no ill-will against none of 'em. I only want to live like one of the Almighty's creatures. I can't—I don't—and so there's a pit dug between me and them that can and do. There's others like me. You might tell 'em off by hundreds and by thousands, sooner than by ones."

Trotty knew he spoke the truth in this, and shook his head to signify as much.

"I've got a bad name this way," said Fern; "and I'm not likely, I'm afraid, to get a better. Taint lawful to be out of sorts, and I am out of sorts, though God knows I'd sooner hear a cheerful spirit if I could. Well! I don't know as this alderman could hurt me much by sending me to jail; but without a friend to speak a word for me, he might do it; and you see—!" pointing downward with his finger, at the child.

"She has a beautiful face," said Trotty.

"Why, yes!" replied the other, in a low voice, as he gently turned it up with both his hands towards his own, and looked upon it steadfastly. "I've thought so, many times. I've thought so, when my heart was very cold, and cupboard very bare. I thought so, t'other night, when we were taken like two thieves. But they—they shouldn't try the little face too often, should they, Lillian? That's hardly fair upon a man!"

He sank his voice so low, and gazed upon her with an air so stern and strange, that Toby, to divert the current of his thoughts, inquired if his wife were living.

"I never had one," he returned, shaking his head. "She's my brother's child: a orphan. Nine year old, though you'd hardly think it; but she's tired and worn out now. They'd

have taken care on her, the union—eight-and-twenty mile away from where we live—between four walls (as they took care of my old father when he couldn't work no more; though he didn't trouble 'em long); but I to-k her instead, and she's lived with me ever since. Her mother had a friend once, in London here. We are trying to find her, and to find work too; but it's a large place. Never mind. More room for us to walk about in, Lilly!"

Meeting the child's eyes with a smile which melted Toby more than tears, he shook him by the hand.

"I don't go much as know your name," he said, "but I've opened my heart free to you, for I'm thankful to you; with good reason. I'll take your advice, and keep clear of this—"

"Justice," suggested Toby.

"Ah!" he said. "If that's the name they give him. This justice. And to-morrow will try whether there's better fortune to be met with, somewhere near London. Good-night. A happy New Year!"

"Stay!" cried Trotty, catching at his hand, as he relaxed his grip. "Stay! The new year never can be happy to me, if we part like this. The new year never can be happy to me, if I see the child, and you go wandering away, you don't know where, without a shelter for your heads. Come home with me! I'm a poor man, living in a poor place; but I can give you lodging for one night and never miss it. Come home with me! Here! I'll take her!"

Trotty, lifting up the child. "A pretty one! I'd carry twenty times her weight, and never know I'd got it. Tell me if I go too quick for you. I'm very fast. I always was!" Trotty said this, taking about six of his trotting paces to one stride of his fatigued companion; and with his thin legs quivering again, beneath the load he bore.

"Why, she's as light," said Trotty, trotting in his speech as well as in his gait; for he couldn't bear to be thanked, and dreaded a moment's pause; "as light as a feather. Lighter than a peacock's feather—a great deal lighter. Here we are, and here we go! Round this first turning to the right. Uncle Will, and past the pump, and sharp off up the passage to the left, right opposite the public-house. Here we are, and here we go. Cross over, Uncle Will, and mind the kidney pie man at the corner! Here we are and here we go! Down the Mews here, Uncle Will, and stop at the black door, with 'T. Veck; Ticket Porter,' wrote upon a board; and here we are, and here we go, and

here we are indeed, my precious Meg, surprising you!"

With which words, Trotty, in a breathless state, set the child down before his daughter in the middle of the floor. The little visitor looked once at Meg; and doubting nothing in that face, but trusting everything she saw there ran into her arms.

"Here we are and here we go!" cried Trotty, running round the room and choking audibly. "Here, Uncle Will, here's a fire you know! Why don't you come to the fire? Oh, here we are, and here we go! Meg, my precious darling, where's the kettle? Here it is and here it goes, and it'll boil in no time!"

Trotty really had picked up the kettle somewhere or other in the course of his wild career, and now put it on the fire; while Meg, seating the child in a warm corner, knelt down on the ground before her, and pulled off her shoes, and dried her wet feet on a cloth. Ay, and she laughed at Trotty too—so pleasantly, so cheerfully, that Trotty could have blessed her where she knelt; for he had seen that when they entered, she was sitting by the fire in tears.

"Why, father!" said Meg. "You're crazy to-night, I think. I don't know what the bells would say to that. Poor little feet. How cold they are!"

"Oh, they're warmer now!" exclaimed the child. "They're quite warm now!"

"No, no, no," said Meg. "We haven't rubbed 'em half enough. We're so busy. So busy! And when they're done, we'll brush out the damp hair; and when that's done, we'll bring some colour to the poor pale face with fresh water; and when that's done we'll be so gay, and brisk, and happy—"

The child, in a burst of sobbing, clasped her round the neck; caressed her fair cheek with its hand; and said, "Oh, Meg! oh, dear Meg!"

Toby's blessing could have done no more. Who could do more!

"Why, father!" cried Meg, after a pause.

"Here I am, and here I go, my dear!" said Trotty.

"Good gracious me!" cried Meg.

"He's crazy! He's put the dear child's bonnet on the kettle, and hung the lid behind the door!"

"I didn't go to do it, my love," said Trotty, hastily repairing this mistake.

"Meg, my dear?"

Meg looked towards him and saw that he had elaborately stationed himself behind the chair of their male visitor, where with many mysterious gestures he was holding up the sixpence he had earned.

"I see, my dear," said Trotty, "as I was coming in, half an ounce of tea

lying somewhere on the stairs; and I'm pretty sure there was a bit of bacon too. As I don't remember where it was, exactly, I'll go myself and try to find 'em."

With this inscrutable artifice, Toby withdrew to purchase the viands he had spoken of, for ready-money, at Mrs. Chickenstalker's; and presently came back, pretending that he had not been able to find them, at first, in the dark.

"But here they are at last," said Trotty, setting out the tea-things, "all correct! I was pretty sure it was tea, and a-rasher. So it is. Meg, my pet, if you'd just make the tea, while your unworthy father toasts the bacon, we shall be ready, immediate. It's a curious circumstance," said Trotty, proceeding in his cookery, with the assistance of the toasting-fork. "Curious, but well known to my friends, that I never care, myself, for rashers, nor for tea. I like to see other people enjoy 'em," said Trotty, speaking very loud, to impress the fact upon his guest; "but to me, as food, they're disagreeable."

Yet Trotty sniffed the savour of the hissing bacon—ah!—as if he liked it; and when he poured the boiling water in the teapot, looked lovingly down into the depths of that snug cauldron, and suffered the fragrant steam to curl about his nose, and wreath his head and face in a thick cloud. However, for all this, he neither ate nor drank, except at the very beginning, a mere morsel for form's sake, which he appeared to eat with infinite relish, but declared was perfectly uninteresting to him.

No. Trotty's occupation was to see Will Fern and Lillian eat and drink; and so was Meg's. And never did spectators at a city dinner or court banquet find such high delight in seeing others feast—although it were a monarch or a pope—as those two did, in looking on that night. Meg smiled at Trotty, Trotty laughed at Meg. Meg shook her head and made belief to clap her hands, applauding Trotty; Trotty conveyed, in dumb-show, unintelligible narratives of how and when and where he had found their visitors, to Meg; and they were happy. Very happy.

"Although," thought Trotty sorrowfully, as he watched Meg's face, "that match is broken off, I see!"

"Now, I'll tell you what," said Trotty after tea. "The little one, she sleeps with Meg, I know."

"With good Meg!" cried the child, caressing her. "With Meg."

"That's right," Trotty. "And I shouldn't wonder if she kisses Meg's father; won't she? I'm Meg's father."

Mightily delighted Trotty was, when the child went timidly towards him, and having kissed him, fell back upon Meg again.

"She's as sensible as Solomon," said Trotty. "Here we come, and her we—no, we don't—I don't mean that—I—what was I saying, Meg, my precious?"

Meg looked towards their guest, who leaned upon her chair, and with his face turned from her, fondled the child's head, half hidden in her lap.

"To be sure," said Toby. "To be sure! I don't know what I'm rambling on about, to-night. My wits are wool-gathering, I think. Will Fern, you come along with me. You're tired to death, and broken down for want of rest. You come along with me."

The man still played with the child's curls, still leaned upon Meg's chair, still turned away his face. He didn't speak, but in his rough coarse fingers, clenching and expanding in the fair hair of the child, there was an eloquence that said enough.

"Yes, yes," said Trotty, answering unconsciously what he saw expressed in his daughter's face. "Take her with you Meg. Get her to bed. There! Now, Will, I'll show you where you lie. It's not much of a place—only a loft; but having a loft, I always say, is one of the great conveniences of living in a mews; and till this coach-house and stable gets a better let, we live here cheap. There's plenty of sweet hay up there, belonging to a neighbour; and it's as clean as hands, and Meg, can make it. Cheer up! Don't give way. A new for a new year, always!"

The hand released from the child's hair, had fallen trembling, into Trotty's hand. So Trotty, talking, without intermission, led him out as tenderly and easily as if he had been a child himself.

Returning before Meg, he listened for an instant at the door of her little chamber; an adjoining room. The child was murmuring a simple prayer before lying down to sleep; and when she had remembered Meg's name, "dearly, dearly"—so her words ran—Trotty heard her stop and ask for his.

It was some short time before the foolish little old fellow could compose himself to mend the fire, and draw his chair to the warm hearth. But, when he had done so, and had trimmed the light, he took his newspaper from his pocket, and began to read. Carelessly at first, and skimming up and down the columns; but with an earnest and a sad attention, very soon.

(Continued on Page 16.)

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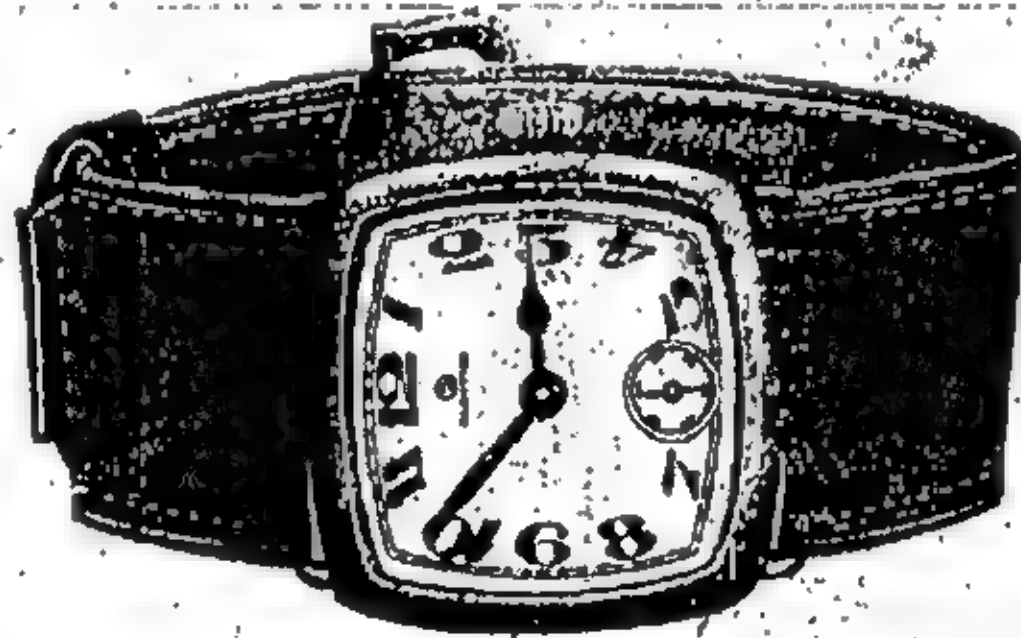
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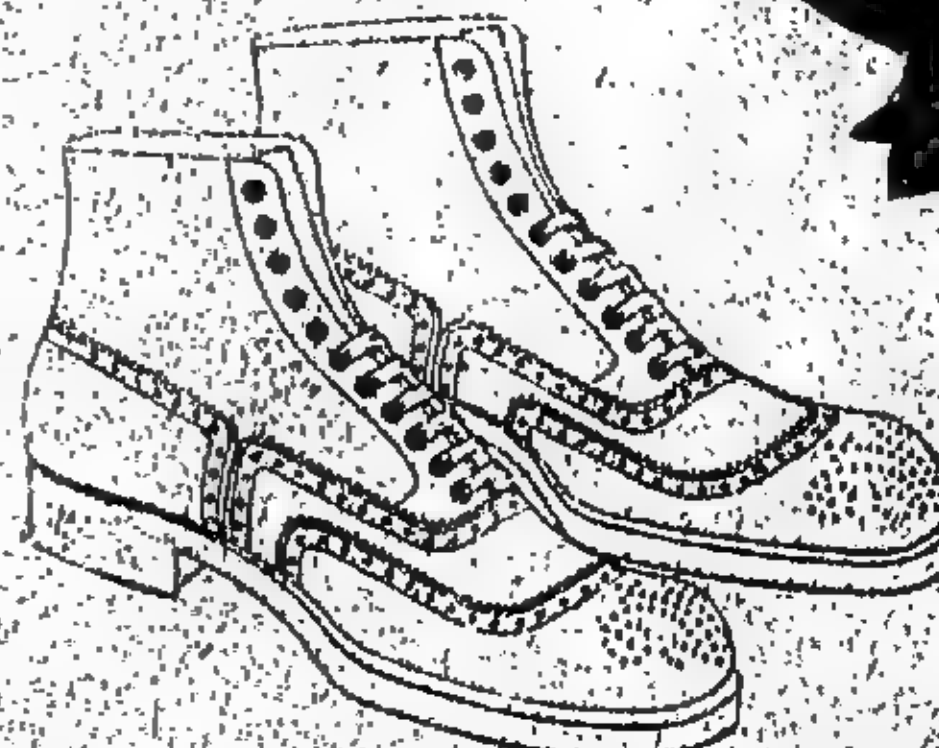
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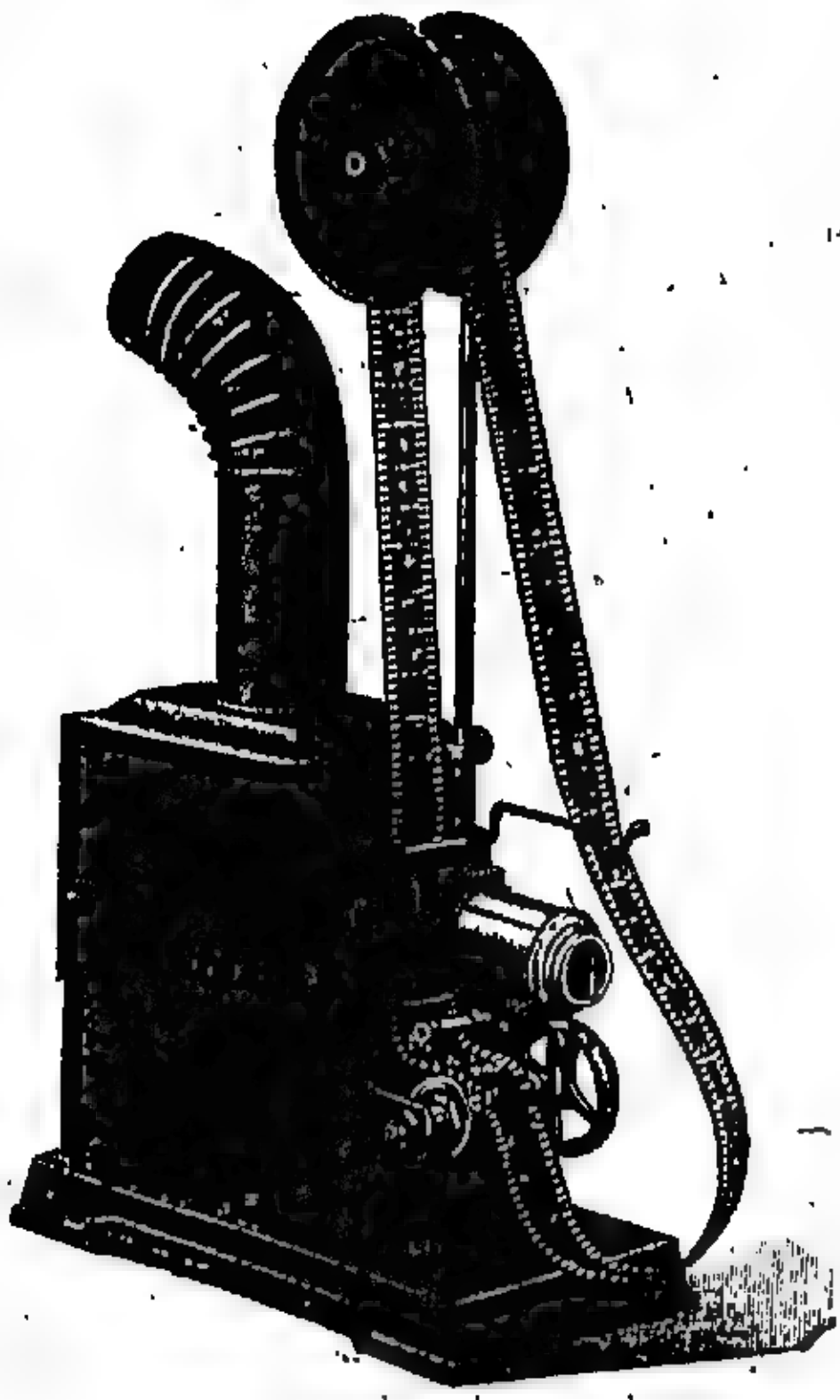
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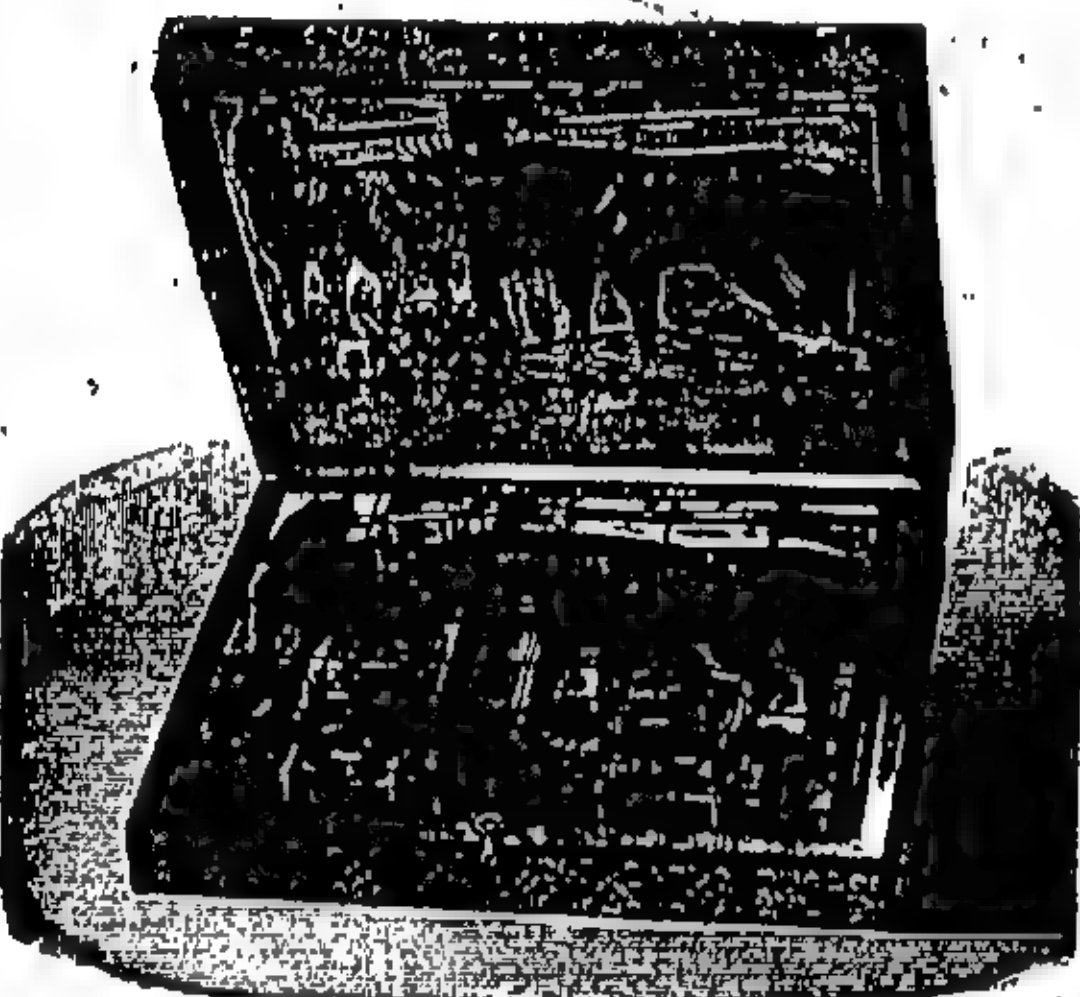
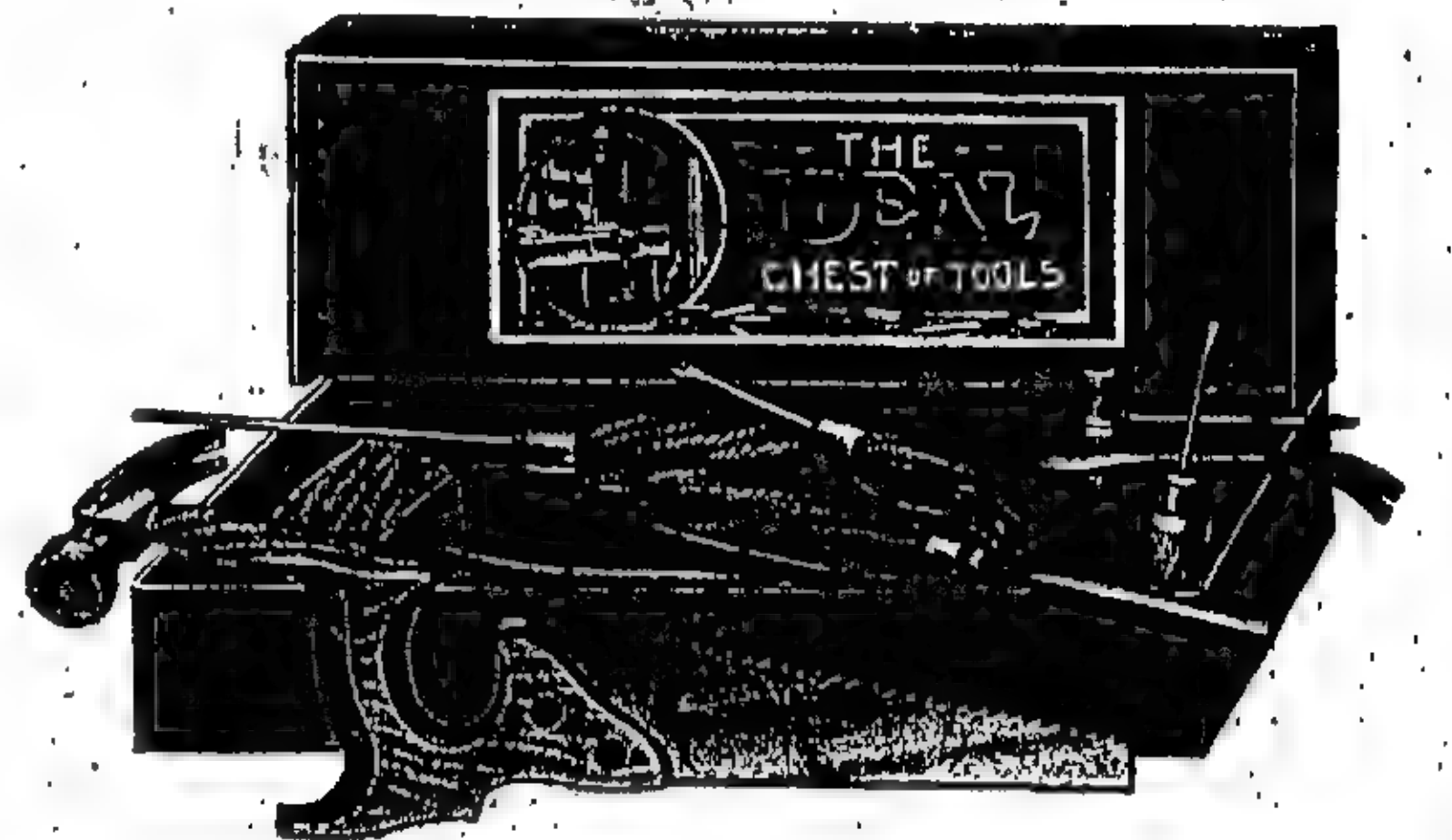
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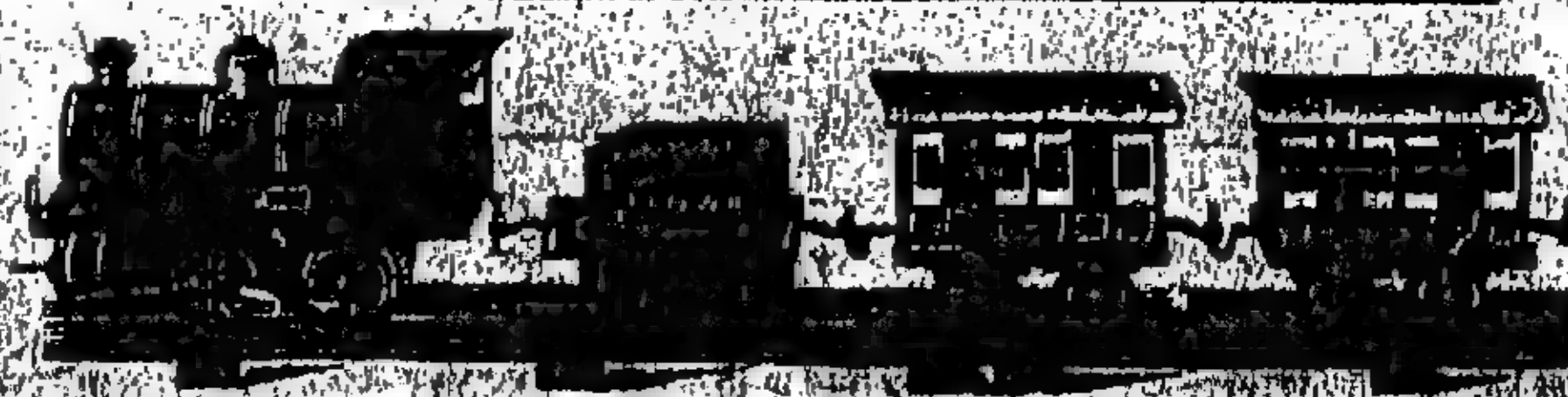
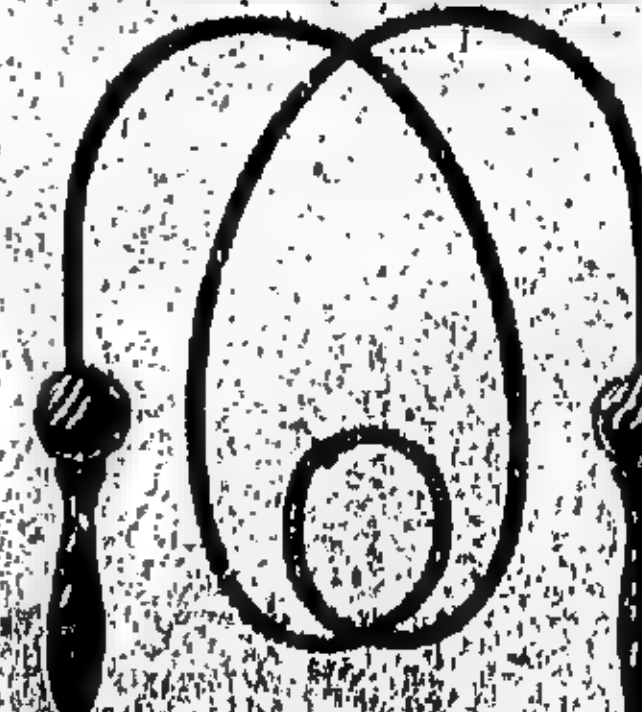
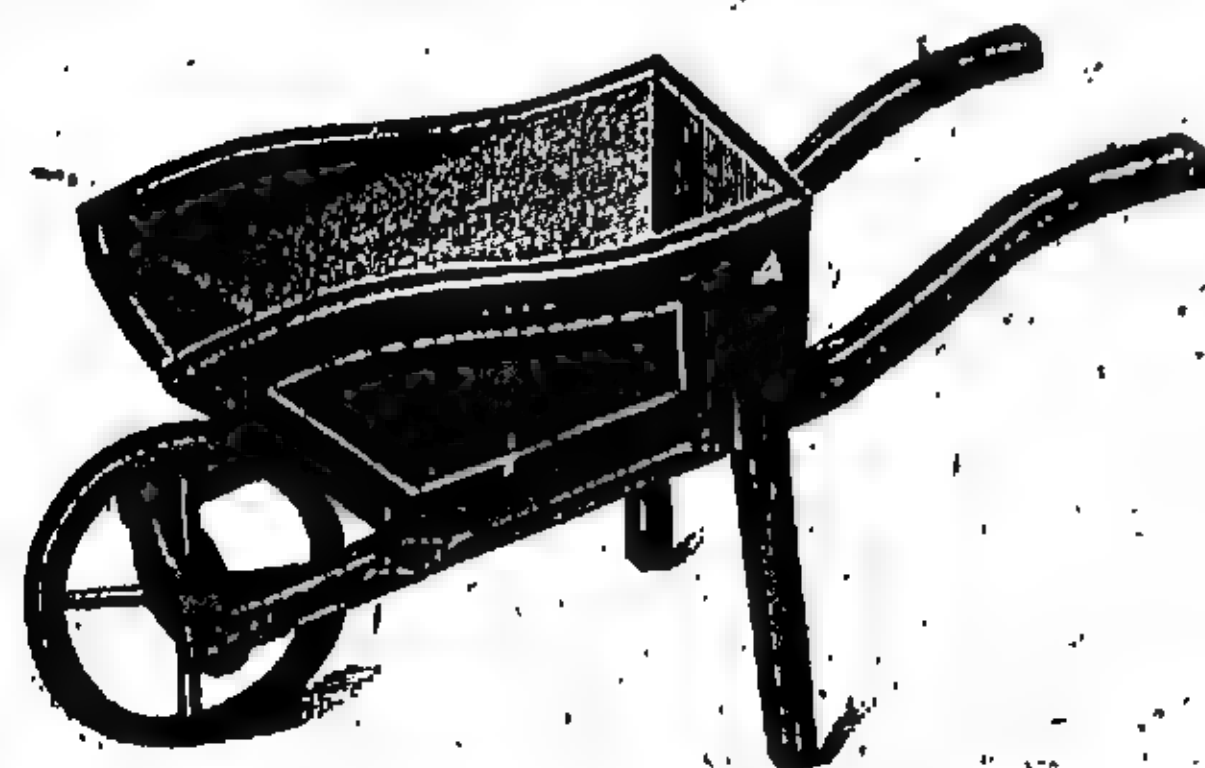
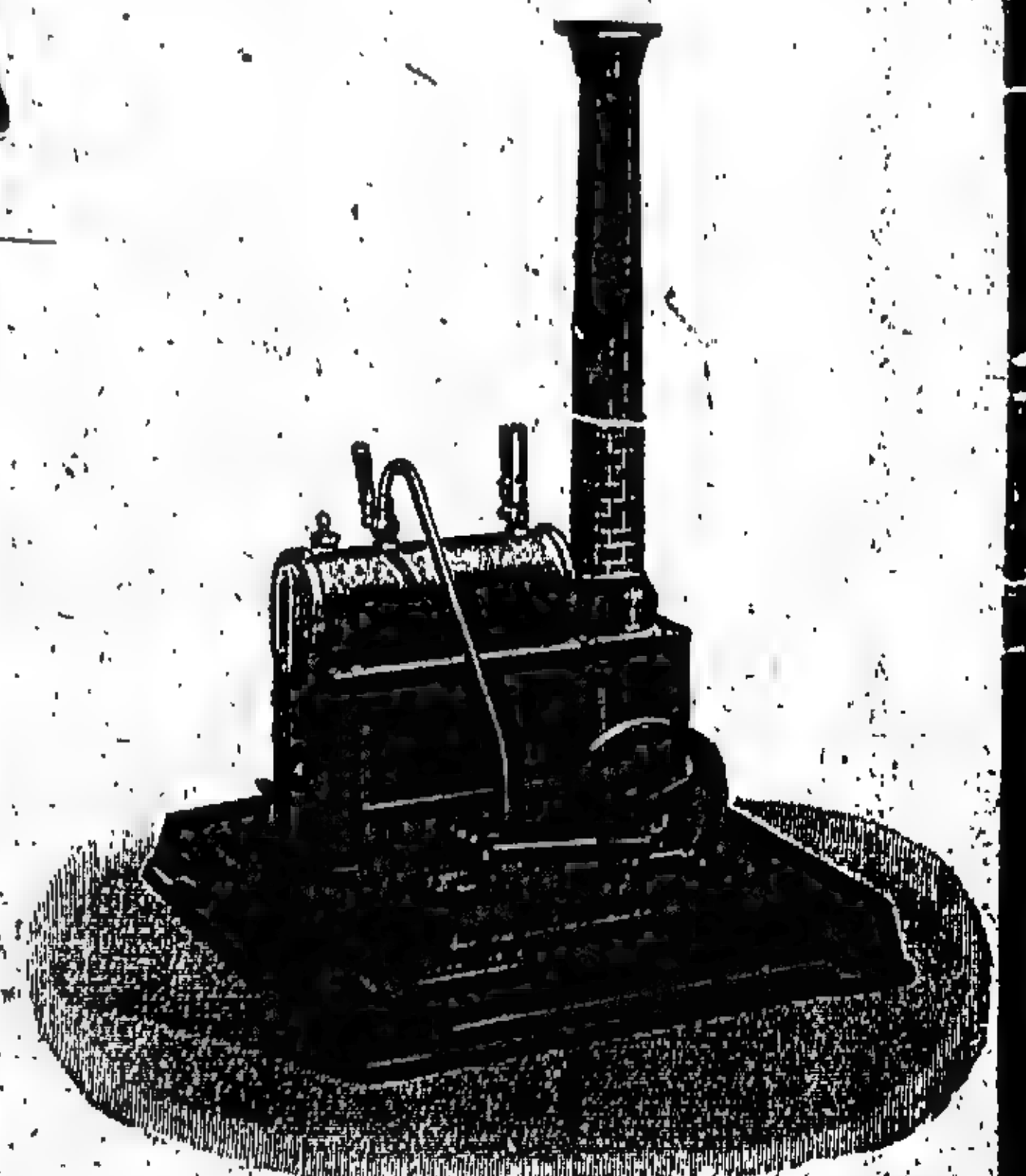
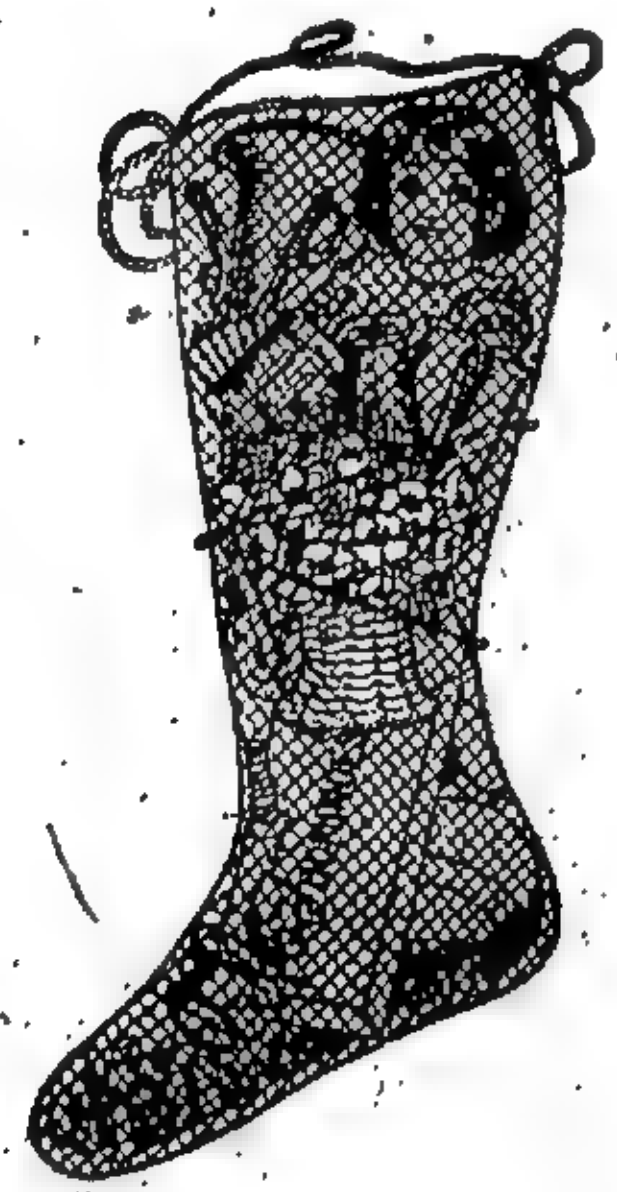
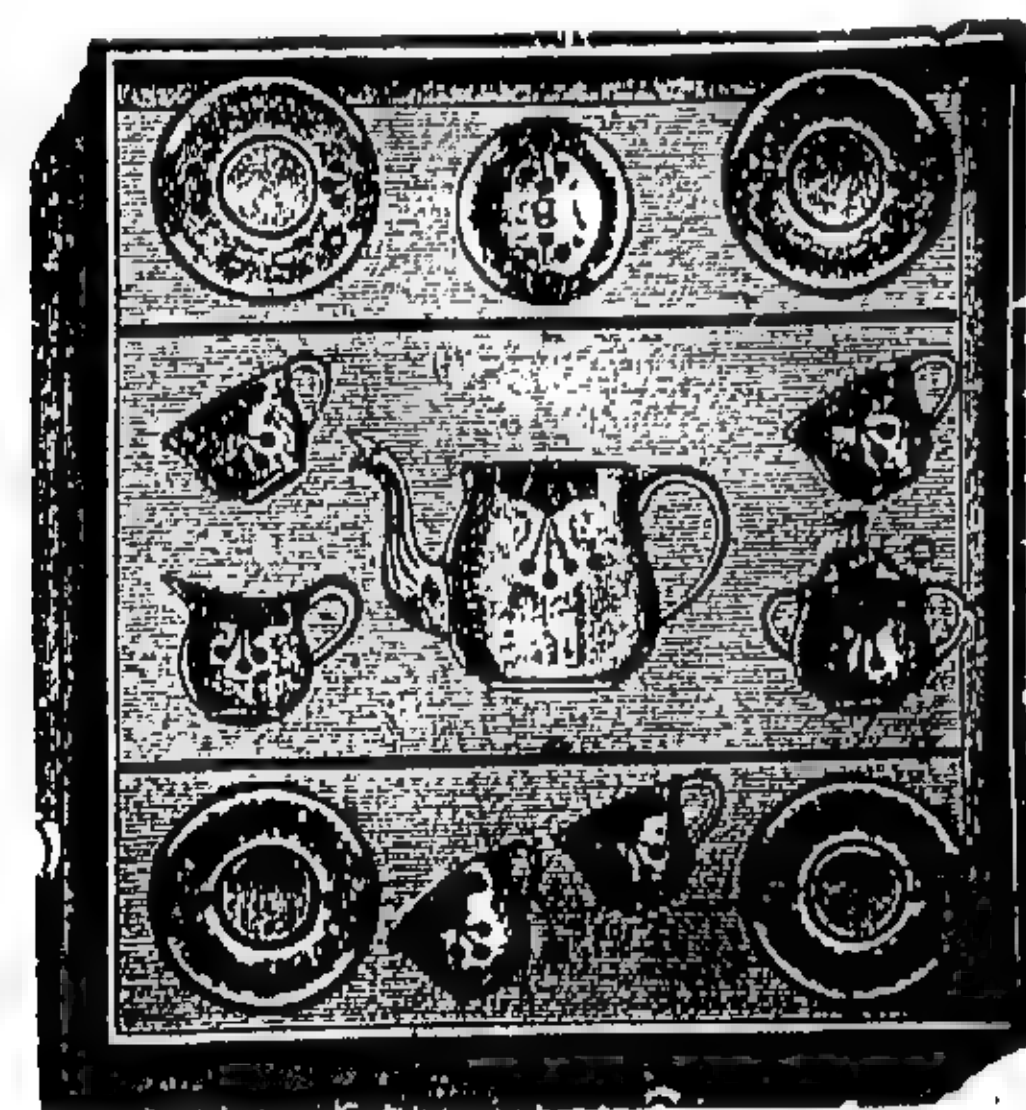
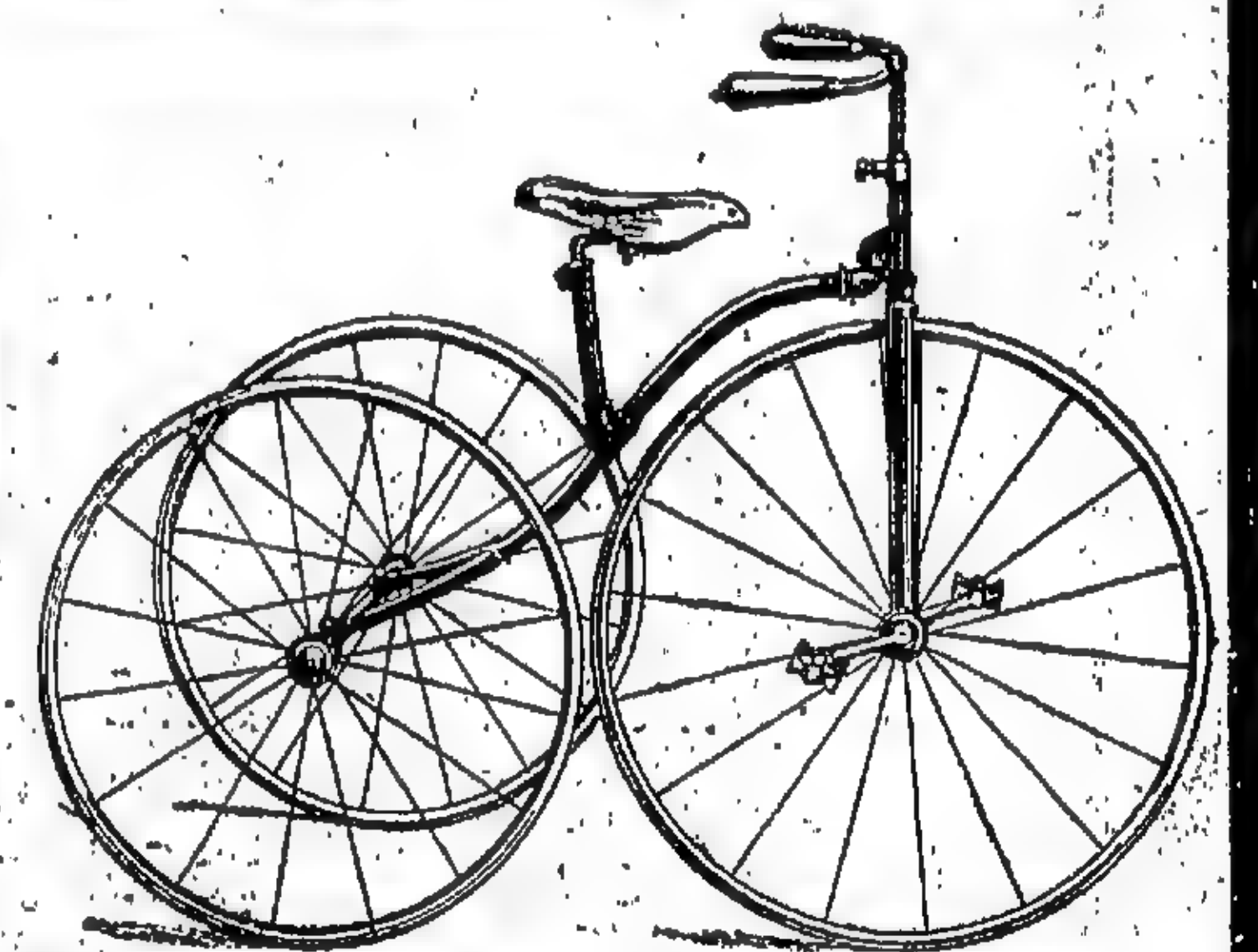
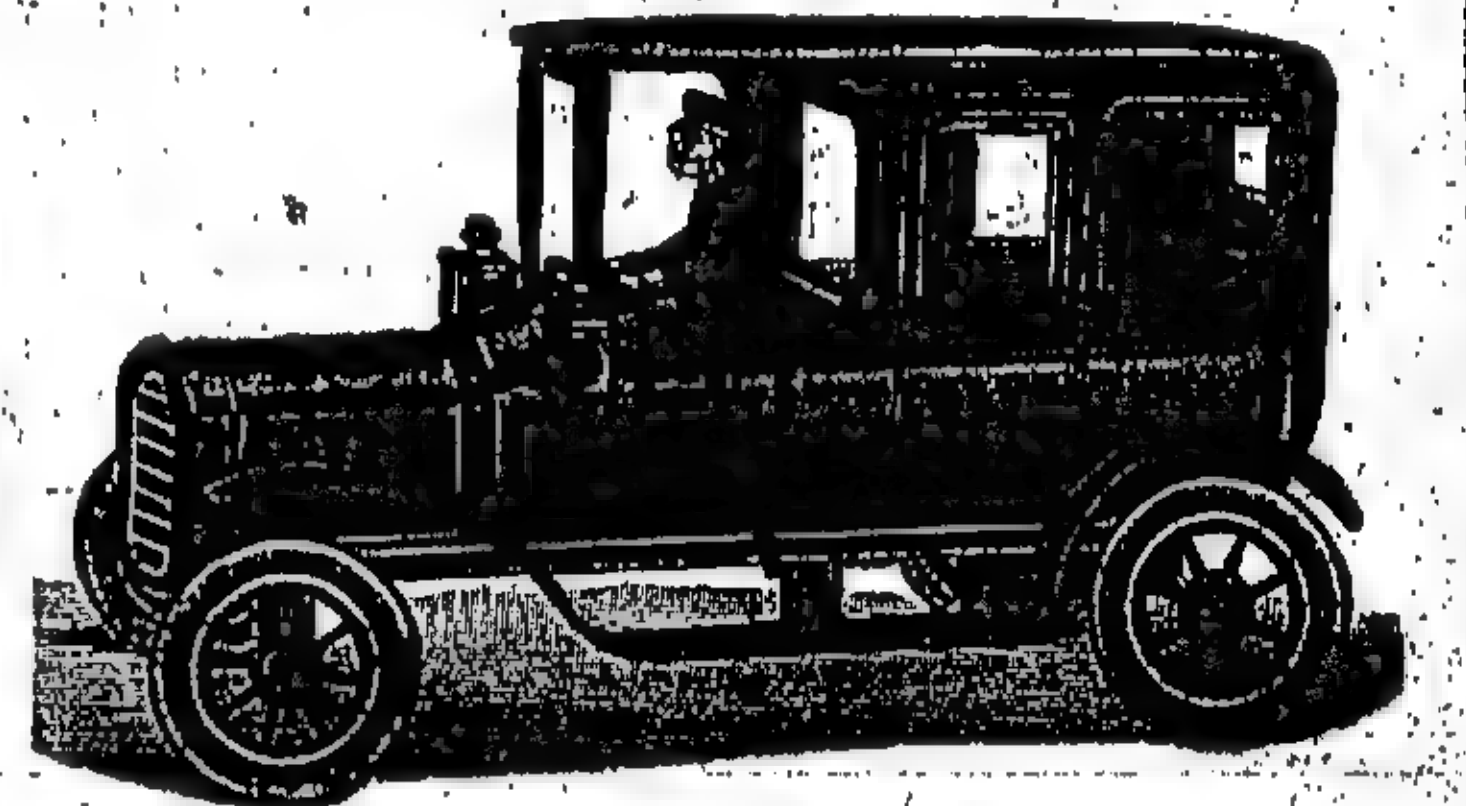
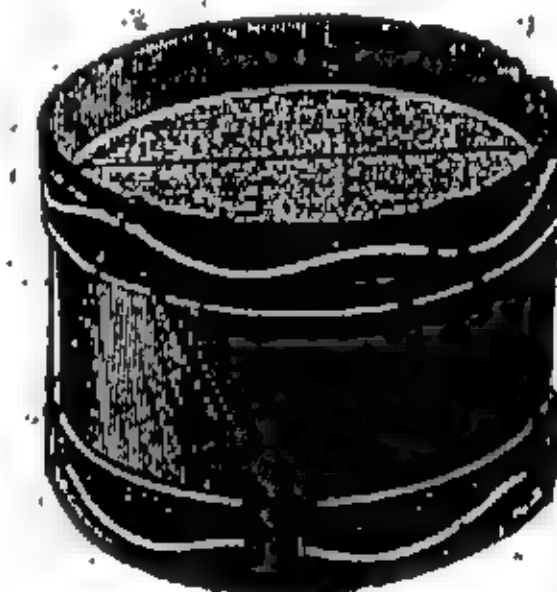
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"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 16.)

"Who hears us echo the dull
vermin of the earth: the putres-
cent of crushed and broken natures,
formed to be raised up higher than
such maggots of the time can crawl
or can conceive," pursued the goblin
of the bell—"who does so, does us
wrong. And you have done us
wrong!"

"Not meaning it," said Trotty. "In
my ignorance. Not meaning it!"
"Lastly, and most of all," pursued
the bell. "Who turns his back upon
the fallen and disfigured of his kind;
abandons them as vile; and does not
trace and track with pitying eyes the
unfenced precipice by which they fell
from good—grasping in their fall
some tufts and shreds of that last
soil, and clinging to them still when
bruised and dying in the gulf below;
does wrong to Heaven and man, to
time and to eternity. And you have
done that wrong!"

"Spare me," cried Trotty, falling
on his knees. "for mercy's sake!"
"Listen!" said the shadow.
"Listen!" cried the other shadows.
"Listen!" said a clear and child-
like voice, which Trotty thought he
recognised as having heard before.

The organ sounded faintly in the
church below. Swelling by degrees,
the melody ascended to the roof, and
filled the choir and nave. Expanding
more and more, it rose up, up, up,
up; higher, higher, higher up;
awakening agitated hearts within the
burly piles of oak, the hollow bells,
the iron-bound doors, the stairs of
solid stone; until the tower walls
were insufficient to contain it, and it
soared into the sky.

No wonder that an old
man's breast could not contain a
sound so vast and mighty. It broke
forth that weak prison in a rush of
tears; and Trotty put his hands be-
fore his face.

"Listen!" said the shadow.
"Listen!" said the other shadows.
"Listen!" the child's voice.

A solemn strain of blended voices
rose into the tower.

It was a very low and mournful
strain—a dirge—and as he listened,
Trotty heard his child among the
singers.

"She is dead!" exclaimed the old
man. "Meg is dead! Her spirit calls
to me. I hear it!"

"The spirit of your child bewails
the dead, and mingles with the dead—
dead hopes, dead fancies, dead im-
aginations of youth," returned the bell,
"but she is living. Learn from her
life, a living truth. Learn from the

creature dearest to your heart, how
bad the bad are born. See every bud
and leaf plucked one by one from off
the fairest stem, and know how bare
and wretched it may be. Follow her!
To desperation!"

Each of the shadowy figures stretch-
ed its right arm forth, and pointed
downward.

"The Spirit of the Chimes is your
companion," said the figure. "Go!
It stands behind you!"

Trotty turned, and saw—the child!
The child Will Fern had carried in
the street; the child whom Meg had
watched, but now, asleep!

"I carried her myself, to-night,"
said Trotty. "In these arms!"

Show him what he calls himself,
said the dark figures, one and all.

The tower opened at his feet. He
looked down, and beheld his own
form, lying at the bottom, on the out-
side: crushed and motionless!

"No more a living man!" cried
Trotty. "Dead!"

"Dead!" said the figures all to-
gether.

"Gracious Heaven! And the new
year—"

"Past," said the figures.

"What!" he cried, shuddering.

"I missed my way, and coming on
the outside of this tower, in the dark,
fell down—a year ago?"

"Nine years ago!" replied the
figures.

As they gave the answer, they re-
called their outstretched hands; and
where their figures had been, there
the bells were.

And they rang; their time being
come again. And once again, vast
multitudes of phantoms sprang into
existence; once again, were incoher-
ently engaged, as they had been
before; once again, faded on the
stopping of the chimes; and dwindled
into nothing.

"What are these?" he asked his
guide. "If I am not mad, what are
these?"

"Spirits of the bells. Their sound
upon the air," returned the child.

They take such shapes and occupa-
tions as the hopes and thoughts of
mortals, and the recollections they
have stored up, give them.

"And you," said Trotty wildly.

"What are you?"

"Hush, hush!" returned the child.

"Look here!"

In a poor, mean room, working at
the same kind of embroidery which
he had often, often, seen before her,
Meg, his own dear daughter, was
present to his view. He made no
effort to imprint his kisses on her
face; he did not strive to clasp her
to his loving heart; he knew that
such endearments were for him, no
more. But he held his trembling

breath, and brushed away the blind-
ing tears, that he might look upon
her; that he might only see her.

Ah! Changed. Changed. The light
of the clear eye, how dimmed. The
bloom, how faded from the cheek.

Beautiful she was, as she had ever
been, but hope, hope, hope, oh, where
was the fresh hope that had spoken
to him like a voice!

She looked up from her work, at a
companion. Following her eyes, the
old man started back.

In the woman grown, he
recognised her at a glance.

In the long silken hair, he saw the
self-same curls; around the lips, the
child's expression lingering still. See!

In the eyes, now turned inquiringly
on Meg, there shone the very look
that scanned those features when he
brought her home!

Then what was this, beside him!

Looking with awe into his face, he
saw a something reigning there—a
lofty something, undefined and in-
distinct, which made it hardly more
than a remembrance of that child, as
yonder figure might be; yet it was
the same—the same; and wore the
dress.

Hark. They were speaking!

"Meg," said Lilian, hesitating.

"How often you raise your head from
your work to look at me!"

"Are my looks so altered, that they
frighten you?" asked Meg.

"Nay, dear! But you smile at
that, yourself!" Why not smile,
when you look at me, Meg?

"I do so. Do I not?" she
answered, smiling on her.

"Now you do," said Lilian, "but
not usually. When you think I'm
busy, and don't see you, you look so
anxious and so doubtful, that I hardly
like to raise my eyes. There is little
cause for smiling in this hard and
toilsome life, but you were once so
cheerful!"

"Am I not now?" cried Meg,
speaking in a tone of strange alarm,
and rising to embrace her. "Do I
make your weary life weary to you,
Lilian?"

"You have been the only thing
that made it life," said Lilian,
fervently kissing her; "sometimes
the only thing that made me care to
live so, Meg. Such work, such work!
So many hours, so many days, so
many long, long nights of hopeless,
never-ending work—not to heap up
riches, however galling; but to earn
bare bread; to scrape together just
enough to toil upon, and want upon,
and keep alive in us the consciousness
of our hard fate! Oh, Meg, Meg!

She raised her voice and twined her
arms about her as she spoke, like one
in pain. "How can the cruel world

go round, and bear to look upon such
lives!"

"Lilly!" said Meg, soothing her,
and putting back her hair from her
wet face. "Why, Lilly! You! So
pretty and so young!"

"Oh, Meg!" she interrupted,
holding her at arm's length, and look-
ing in her face imploringly. "The
worst of all, the worst of all! Strike
me old, Meg! With me and shrivel
me, and free me from the dreadful
thought, that tempt me in my
youth!"

Trotty turned to look upon his
guide. But the spirit of the child had
taken flight. Was gone.

Neither did he himself remain
in the same place; for Sir Joseph
Bowley, friend and father of the poor,
held a great festival at Bowley Hall,
in honour of the natal day of Lady
Bowley. And as Lady Bowley had
been born on New Year's Day (which
the local newspapers considered an
especial pointing of the finger of
Providence to number one, as Lady
Bowley's destined figure in creation),
it was on a New Year's Day that this
festival took place.

Bowley Hall was full of visitors.

The red-faced gentleman was there,
Mr. Filer was there, the great Alder-
man Cate was there—Alderman Cate
had a sympathetic feeling with great
people, and had considerably
improved his acquaintance with Sir
Joseph Bowley on the strength of his
attentive letter; indeed, had become
quite a friend of the family since
then—and many guests were there.

Trotty's guest was there, wandering
about, poor phantom, dreadingly; and
looking for its guide.

There was to be a great dinner in
the great hall. At which Sir Joseph
Bowley, in his celebrated character of
friend and father of the poor
was to make his great speech.

Certain puddings were to be eaten by
his friends and children in another
hall first; and, at a given signal,
friends and children flocking in
among their friends and fathers,
were to form a family assemblage,
with not one manly eye therein un-
moistened by emotion.

But there was more than this to
happen. Even more than this. Sir
Joseph Bowley, Baronet and Member
of Parliament, was to play a match
at skittles—real skittles—with his
tenants!

"Which quite reminds one," said
Alderman Cate, "of the days of old
King Hal, stout King Hal, bluff King
Hal. Ah. Fine character!"

"Very," said Mr. Filer drily. "For
marrying women and murdering 'em.
Considerably more than the average
number of wives, by the bye."

You'll marry the beautiful ladies,
and not murder 'em?" said Alder-

man Cate to the heir of Bowley, aged
twelve. "Sweet boy! We shall have
this little gentleman in Parliament;
now," said the alderman, holding him
by the shoulders, and looking as re-
flective as he could, "before we know
where we are. We shall hear of his
successes at the poll; his speeches in
the House; his overtures from govern-
ments; his brilliant achievements of
all kinds; ah! we shall make our little
orations about him in the common
council, I'll be bound; before we have
time to look about us!"

"Oh, the difference of shoes and
stockings!" Trotty thought. But
his heart yearned towards the child,
for the love of those same shoes
and stockingsless boys, predestined (by
the alderman) to turn out bad, who
might have been the children of poor
Meg.

"Richard," moaned Trotty, roaming
among the company to and fro;
"where is he? I can't find Richard!
Where is Richard?"

Not likely to be there, it still alive!
But Trotty's grief and solitude con-
fused him; and he still went wander-
ing among the gallant company,
looking for his guide, and saying,
"Where is Richard? Show me
Richard!"

He was wandering thus, when he
encountered Mr. Fish, the confidential
secretary—in great agitation.

"Bless my heart and soul!" cried
Mr. Fish. "Where's Alderman Cate?"

Has anybody seen the alderman?"

Seen the alderman? Oh, dear!

Who could ever help seeing the alder-
man? He was so considerate, so
affable, he bore so much in mind the
natural desire of folks to see him,
that if he had a fault, it was the being
constantly on a fault. And wherever
the great people were, there, to be
sure, attracted by the kindred sym-
pathy between great souls, was Cate.

Several voices cried that he was in
the circle round Sir Joseph. Mr. Fish
made way there; found him; and
took him secretly into a window near
at hand. Trotty joined them. Not
of his own accord. He felt that his
steps were led in that direction.

"My dear Alderman Cate," said
Mr. Fish. "A little more this way.
The most dreadful circumstance has
occurred. I have this moment re-
ceived the intelligence. I think it
will be best not to acquaint Sir Joseph
with it till the day is over. You
understand Sir Joseph, and will give
me your opinion. The most frightful
and deplorable event!"

"Fish!" returned the alderman.

"Fish! My good fellow, what is the
matter? Nothing revolutionary, I
hope! No—no attempted interference
with the magistrates?"

Deedles, the banker, gasped the
secretary. "Deedles Brothers—who

was to have been here to-day—high
in office in the Goldsmith's Com-
pany—"

"Not stopped!" exclaimed the
alderman. "It can't be!"

"Shot himself!"

"Good God!"

"Put a double-barrelled pistol to
his mouth, in his own counting-
house," said Mr. Fish. "and blew his
brains out. No motive. Princely
circumstances!"

"Circumstances!" exclaimed the
alderman. "A man of noble fortune.
One of the most respectable of men.
Suicide, Mr. Fish! By his own
hand!"

"This very morning," returned Mr.
Fish.

"Oh, the brain, the brain!"
exclaimed the pious alderman, lifting
up his hands. "Oh, the nerves, the
nerves; the mysteries of this machine
called man! Oh, the little that un-
hinges it: poor creatures that we are!
Perhaps a dinner, Mr. Fish. Perhaps
the conduct of his son, who, I have
heard, ran very wild, and was in the
habit of drawing bills upon him with-
out the least authority! A most re-
spectable man. One of the most
respectable men I ever knew! A
lamentable instance, Mr. Fish. A
public calamity! I shall make a point
of wearing the deepest mourning. A
most respectable man! But there is
one above. We must submit, Mr.
Fish. We must submit!"

What, alderman! No word of putting
down? Remember, justice, your high
moral boast and pride. Come, alder-
man! Balance those scales. Throw
me into this, the empty one, no dinner,
and Nature's founts in some poor
woman, dried by starving misery and
rendered obdurate to claims for which
offspring has authority in holy mother
Eve. Weigh me the two, you Daniel,
going to judgment, when your day
shall come! Weigh them, in the eyes
of suffering thousands, audience (not
unmindful) of the grim farce you
play. Or supposing that you strayed
from your five wits—it's not so far
to go, but that it might be—and laid
hands upon that throat of yours,
warning your fellows (if you have a
fellow) how they croak their comfort-
able wickedness to raving heads and
stricken hearts. What then?

The words rose up in Trotty's
breast, as if they had been spoken by
some other voice within him. Alder-
man Cate pledged himself to Mr. Fish
that he would assist him in breaking
the melancholy catastrophe to Sir
Joseph, when the day was over.

Then, before they parted, writing Mr.
Fish's hand in bitterness of soul, he
said, "The most respectable of men!"

And added that he hardly knew (not
even he) why such afflictions were
allowed on earth.

"It's almost enough to make one
think, if one didn't know better," said
Alderman Cate, "that at times some
motion of a capsize nature was go-
ing on in things, which affected the
general economy of the social fabric.
Deedles Brothers!"

The skittle playing came off with
immense success. Sir Joseph knock-
ed the pins about quite skillfully;
Master Bowley took an innings at a
shorter distance also; and everybody
said that now, when a baronet and
the son of a baronet, played at skittles,
the country was coming round again,
as fast as it could come.

At its proper time, the banquet was
served up. Trotty involuntarily re-
paired to the hall with the rest, for
he felt himself conducted thither by
some stronger impulse than his own
free will. The sight was gay in the
extreme; the ladies were very hand-
some; the visitors delighted, cheerful,
and good-tempered. When the lower
doors were opened, and the people
flocked in, in their rustic dresses, the
beauty of the spectacle was at its
height; but Trotty only murmured
more and more. "Where is Richard?
He should help and comfort her! I
can't see Richard!"

There had been some speeches
made; and Lady Bowley's health had
been proposed; and Sir Joseph Bowley
had returned thanks, and had made
his great speech, showing by various
pieces of evidence that he was the
born friend and father, and so forth;
and had given as a toast, his friends
and children, and the dignity of
labour; when a slight disturbance at
the bottom of the hall attracted Toby's
notice. After some confusion, noise,
and opposition, one man broke
through the rest, and stood forward
by himself.

Not Richard. No. But one whom
he had thought of, and had looked for,
many times. In a scantier supply of
light, he might have doubted the
identity of that worn man, so old,
and gray, and bent; but with a blaze
of lamps upon his gnarled and knott-
ed head, he knew Will Fern, as soon
as he stepped forth.

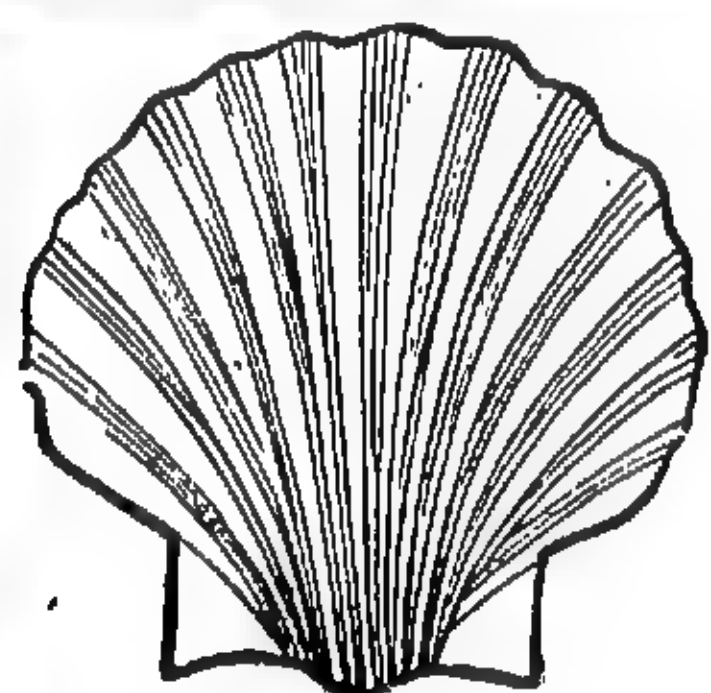
"What is this?" exclaimed Sir
Joseph, rising. "Who gave this man
admittance? This is a criminal from
prison! Mr. Fish, sir, will you have
the goodness—"

"A minute!" said Will Fern. "A
minute! My lady, you was born on
this day along with a new year. Get
me a minute's leave to speak."

She made some intercession for
him. Sir Joseph took his seat again,
with native dignity.

The ragged visitor—for he was
miserably dressed—looked round
upon the company, and made his
homage to them with a humble bow.

(Continued on Page 20.)



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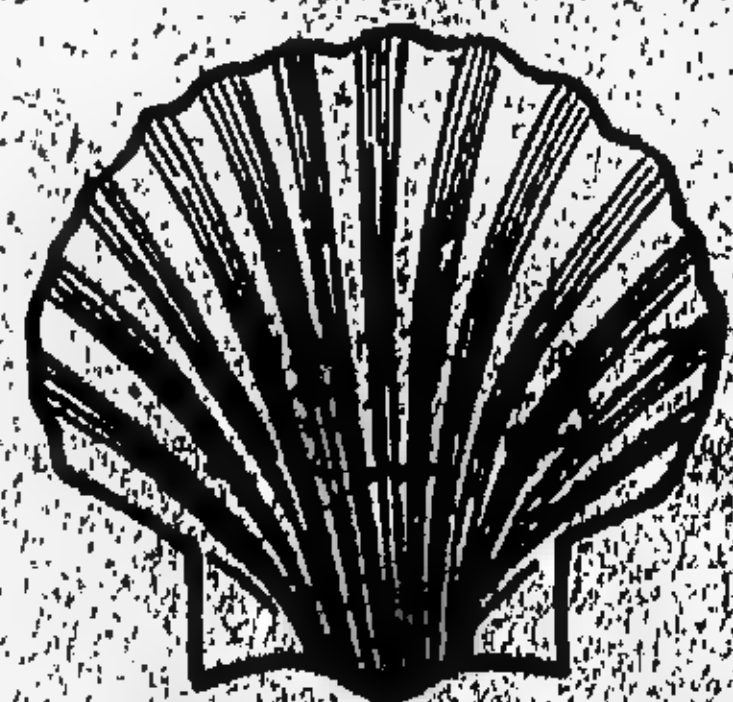
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"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 18.)

"Gentlefolks!" he said. "You've drunk the labourer. Look at me!" "Just come from jail," said Mr. Fish.

"Just come from jail," said Will. "And neither for the first time, nor the second, nor the third, nor yet the fourth."

Mr. Filer was heard to remark testily, that four times was over the average; and he ought to be ashamed of himself.

"Gentlefolks!" repeated Will Fern. "Look at me! You see I'm at the worst. Beyond all hurt or harm; beyond your help; for the time when your kind words or kind actions could have done me good—he struck his hand upon his breast, and shook his head—"is gone with the scent of last year's beans or clover on the air. Let me say a word for these, pointing to the labouring people in the hall; and when you're met together, hear the real truth spoke out for once."

"There's not a man here," said the host, "who would have him for a spokesman."

"Like enough, Sir Joseph. I believe it. Not the less true, perhaps, is what I say. Perhaps that's a proof on it. Gentlefolks, I've lived many a year in this place. You may see the cottage from the sunk fence over yonder. I've seen the ladies draw it in their books, a hundred times. It looks well in a picture, I've heard say; but there ain't weather in pictures, and maybe it's fitter for that, than for a place to live in. Well! I lived there. How hard—how bitter hard, I lived there, I won't say. Any day in the year, and every day, you can judge for your own selves."

He spoke as he had spoken on the night when Trotty found him in the street. His voice was deeper and more husky, and had a trembling in it now and then; but he never raised it, passionately, and seldom lifted it above the firm stern level of the homely facts he stated.

"Tis harder than you think for, gentlefolks, to grow up decent, commonly decent, in such a place. That I grew up a man and not a brute, says something for me—as I was then. As I am now, there's nothing can be said for me or done for me. I'm past it."

"I am glad this man has entered," observed Sir Joseph, looking round serenely. "Don't disturb him. It appears to be ordained. He is an example; a living example. I hope and trust, and confidently expect, that it will not be lost upon my friends here."

"I dragged on," said Fern, after a moment's silence, "somehow. Neither me nor any other man knows how; but so heavy, that I couldn't put a cheerful face upon it, or make believe that I was anything but what I was. Now, gentlemen—you gentlemen that sits at Sessions—when you see a man with discontent writ on his face, you says to one another, 'He's suspicious. I has my doubts, says you, 'about Will Fern. Watch that fellow! I don't say, gentlemen, it ain't quite nat'ral, but I say 'tis so; and from that hour, whatever Will Fern does, or lets alone—all one—it goes against him."

Alderman Cate stuck his thumbs in his waistcoat-pockets, and leaning back in his chair, and smiling, winked at a neighbouring chandeller. As much as to say, "Of course! I told you so. The common-cry! Lord bless you, we are up to all this sort of thing—myself and human nature."

"Now, gentlemen," said Will Fern, holding out his hands, and flushing for an instant in his haggard face. "See how your laws are made to trap and hunt us when we're brought to this. I tries to live elsewhere. And I'm a vagabond. To jail with him! I comes back here. I goes a-nutting in your woods, and breaks—who don't?—a limber branch or two. To jail with him! One of your keepers see me in the broad day, near my own patch of garden, with a gun. To jail with him! I has a nat'ral angry word with that man, when I'm free again. To jail with him! I eats a stick. To jail with him! I gets a rotten apple or a turnip. To jail with him! It's twenty mile away; and coming back I begs a trifle on the road. To jail with him! At last, the constable, the keeper—anybody—finds me anywhere, a-doing anything. To jail with him, for he's a vagrant, and a jail-bird known; and jail's the only home he's got."

The alderman nodded sagaciously, as you would say "A very good home too!"

"Do I say this to serve my cause?" cried Fern. "Who can give me back my liberty, who can give me back my good name, who can give me back my innocent niece? Not all the lords and ladies in wide England. But gentlemen, gentlemen, dealing with other men like me, begin at the right end. Give us, in mercy, better homes when we're a-lying in our cradles; give us better food when we're working for our lives; give us kinder laws to bring us back when we're a-going wrong; and don't set jail, jail, jail, afore us, everywhere we turn. There ain't a condescension

you can show the labourer then, that that we won't take, as ready and as grateful as man can be; for he has a patient, peaceful, willing heart. But you must put his spirit in him first; for, whether he's a wreck and ruin such as me, or is like one of them that stand here now, his spirit is divided from you at this time. Bring it back, gentlefolks, bring it back! Bring it back, afore the day comes when even his Bible changes in his altered mind, and the words seem to him to read, as they have sometimes read in my own eyes—in jail: 'Whither thou goest, I can't go; where thou lodgest, I do not lodge; thy people are not my people; nor thy God my God!'"

A sudden stir and agitation took place in the hall. Trotty thought at first, that several had risen to eject the man; and hence this change in its appearance. But another moment showed him that the room and all the company had vanished from his sight, and that his daughter was again before him, seated at her work. But in a poorer, meaner garret than before; and with no Lillian by her side.

The frame at which she had worked was put away upon a shelf and covered up. The chair in which she had sat was turned against the wall. A history written in these little things, and in Meg's grief-worn face. Oh! who could fail to read it! Meg strained her eyes upon her work until it was too dark to see the threads; and when the night closed in, she lighted her feeble candle and worked on. Still her old father was invisible about her; looking down upon her; loving her—how dearly upon her!—and talking to her in a tender voice about the old times, and the bells. Though he knew—poor Trotty—though he knew she could not hear him.

A great part of the evening had worn away, when, a knock came at her door. She opened it. A man was on the threshold. A slouching, moody, drunken, sloven, wasted by intemperance and vice, and with his matted hair and unshorn beard in wild disorder; but with some traces on him, too, of having been a man of good proportion and good features in his youth.

He stopped until he had her leave to enter; and she, retiring a pace or two from the open door, silently and sorrowfully looked upon him. Trotty had his wish. He saw Richard.

"May I come in, Margaret?"

"Yes! Come in. Come in!"

It was well that Trotty knew him before he spoke; for with any doubt remaining on his mind, the harsh, discordant voice would have persuaded

him that it was not Richard but some other man.

There were but two chairs in the room. She gave him hers, and stood at some short distance from him, waiting to hear what he had to say. He sat, however, staring vacantly at the floor, with a lustreless and stupid smile. A spectacle of such deep degradation, of such abject hopelessness, of such a miserable downfall, that she put her hands before her face and turned away, lest he should see how much it moved her.

Roused by the rustling of her dress, or a too much trifling sound, he lifted his head, and began to speak as if there had been no pause since he entered.

"Still at work, Margaret? You work late."

"I generally do."

"And early?"

"So she said. She said you never tired; or never owned that you tired. Not all the time you lived together. Not even when you fainted, between work and fasting. But I told you that the last time I came."

"You did," she answered. "And I implored you to tell me nothing more; and you made me a solemn promise, Richard, that you never would."

"A solemn promise," he repeated, with a drizzling laugh and vacant stare. "A solemn promise! Awaken, as it were, after a time; in the same manner as before; he said with sudden animation—

"How can I help it, Margaret? What am I to do? She has been to me again!"

"Again!" cried Meg, clasping her hands. "Oh, does she think of me so often! Has she been again?"

"Twenty times again," said Richard. "Margaret, she haunts me. She comes behind me in the street, and thrusts it in my hand. I hear her foot upon the ashes when I'm at my work (ha, ha! that ain't often), and before I can turn my head, her voice is in my ear, saying, 'Richard, don't look round. For Heaven's love, give her this! She brings it where I live; she sends it in letters; she taps at the window and lays it on the sill. What can I do? Look at it!'"

He held out in his hand a little purse, and chinked the money it inclosed.

"Hide it," said Meg. "Hide it! When she comes again, tell her, Richard, that I love her in my soul. That I never lie down to sleep, but I bless her, and pray for her. That, in my solitary work, I never cease to have her in my thoughts. That she is with me, night and day. That if

I died to-morrow, I would remember her with my last breath. But that I cannot look upon it!"

He slowly recalled his hand, and, crushing the purse together, said, with a kind of drowsy thoughtfulness—

"I told her so, I told her so, as plain as words could speak. I've taken this gift back and left it at her door, a dozen times since then. But when she came at last, and stood before me, face to face, what could I do?"

"You saw her!" exclaimed Meg. "You saw her! Oh, Lillian, my sweet girl! Oh, Lillian, Lillian!"

"I saw her," he went on to say, not answering, but engaged in the same slow pursuit of his own thoughts. "There she stood, trembling! How does she look, Richard? Does she ever speak of me? Is she thinner? My old place at the table what's in my old place? And the frame she taught me our old work on—has she burned it, Richard?"

There she was. I heard her say it. Meg checked her sobs, and with the tears streaming from her eyes, bent over him to listen; not to lose a breath.

With his arms resting on his knees; and stooping forward in his chair, as if what he said were written on the ground in some half-legible character, which it was his occupation to decipher and connect, he went on.

"Richard, I have fallen very low; and you may guess how much I have suffered in having this sent back, when I can bear to bring it in my hand to you. But you loved her once, even in my memory, dearly. Others stepped in between you; fears, and jealousies, and doubts, and vanities, estranged you from her; but you did love her, even in my memory! I suppose I did, he said, interrupting himself for a moment. "I did! That's neither here nor there. 'Oh, Richard, if you ever did; if you have any memory for what is gone and lost, take it to her once more. Once more! Tell her how I begged and prayed. Tell her how I laid my head upon your shoulder, where her own head might have lain, and was so humble to you, Richard. Tell her that you looked into my face, and saw the beauty which she used to praise, all gone—gone; and in its place, a poor, wan, hollow cheek, that she would weep to see. Tell her everything, and take it back, and she will not refuse again. She will not have the heart!"

So he sat musing, and repeated the last words, until he woke again, and rose.

"You won't take it Margaret?"

She shook her head, and motioned an entreaty to him to leave her.

"Good-night, Margaret."

"Good-night!"

He turned to look upon her, struck by her sorrow, and perhaps by the pity for himself which trembled in her voice. It was a quick and rapid action; and for the moment some flash of his old bearing kindled in his form. In the next, he went as he had come. Nor did this glimmer of a quenched fire seem to light him to a quicker sense of his debasement.

In any mood, in any grief, in any torture of the mind or body, Meg's work must be done. She sat down to her task, and plied it. Night, midnight. Still she worked.

She had a meagre fire, the night being very cold; and rose at intervals to mend it. The chimes rang half-past twelve while she was thus engaged; and when they ceased she could so much as wonder who was there, at that unusual hour, it opened.

O youth and beauty, happy as ye should be, look at this! O youth and beauty, blessed and blessing all within your reach, and working out the ends of your beneficent Creator, look at this!

She saw the entering figure; screamed its name; cried "Lillian!"

It was swift, and fell upon its knees before her, clinging to her dress.

"Up, dear! Up! Lillian! My own dearest!"

"Never more, Meg; never more! Here! Here! Close to you, holding to you, feeling your dear breath upon my face!"

"Sweet Lillian! Darling Lillian! Child of my heart—no mother's love can be more tender—lay your head upon my breast!"

"Never more, Meg. Never more! When I first looked into your face you kneeled before me. On my knees before you, let me die. Let it be here!"

"You have come back. My treasure! We will live together, work together, hope together, die together!"

"Ah! Kiss my lips, Meg; fold your arms about me; press me to your bosom; look kindly on me; but don't raise me. Let it be here. Let me see the last of your dear face upon my knees!"

O youth and beauty, happy as ye should be, look at this! O youth and beauty, working out the ends of your beneficent Creator, look at this!

"Forgive me, Meg! So dear, so dear! Forgive me! I know you do; I see you do; but say so, Meg!"

She said so, with her lips on Lillian's cheek. And with her arms twined

round—she knew it now—a broken heart.

"His blessing on you, dearest love. Kiss me once more! He suffered her to sit beside his feet, and dry them with her hair. Oh, Meg, what mercy and compassion!"

As she died, the spirit of the child returning, innocent and radiant, touched the old man with its hand, and beckoned him away.

FOURTH QUARTER.

SOME new remembrance, of the ghostly figures in the bells; some faint impression of the ringing of the chimes; some giddy consciousness of having seen the swarm of phantoms reproduced and reproduced until the recollection of them lost itself in the confusion of their numbers; some hurried knowledge, now conveyed to him he knew not, that more years had passed; and Trotty, with the spirit of the child attending him, stood looking on at mortal company.

Fat company, rosy-cheeked company, comfortable company. They were but two, but they were enough for ten. They sat before a bright fire, with a small low table between them; and unless the fragrance of hot tea and muffins lingered longer in that room than in most others, the table had seen service very lately. But all the cups and saucers being clean, and in their proper places in the corner cupboard; and the brass toast-fork hanging in its usual nook, and spreading its four idle fingers out, as if it wanted to be measured for a glove; there remained no other visible tokens of the meal just finished, than such as purred and washed their whiskers in the person of the basking cat, and glistened in the gracious, not to say the greasy, faces of her patrons.

This cosy couple (married, evidently) had made a fair division of the fire between them, and sat looking at the glowing sparks that dropped into the grate; now nodding off into a doze; now waking up again when some hot fragment, larger than the rest, came rattling down, as if the fire were coming with it.

It was in no danger of sudden extinction, however; for it gleamed not only in the little room, and on the panes of window-glass in the door, and on the curtain half drawn across them, but in the little shop beyond. A little shop, quite crammed and choked with the abundance of its stock; a perfectly voracious little shop, with a maw as accommodating and full as any shark's. Cheese, butter, firewood, soap, pickles, matches, bacon, table-bear, peatpots, sweetmeats, boys' kites, bird-seed, cold ham, birch, brooms,

(Continued on Page 22.)

UP-TO-THE MINUTE FASHIONS
IN DAY and EVENING WEAR
COATROCKS, GOWNS, WRAPS
CROCHET and CREPE JUMPERS

JAEGER PURE WOOL
GOLFERS - JUMPERS - SCARVES
MOTORING COATS
DRESSING GOWNS - SLIPPERS

HAND MADE
UNDIES
AMERICAN
SILK
HOSIERY
FANCY
GARTERS

HANDKERCHIEFS
IN
FANCY BOXES

FANCY
HANDBAGS
IN
LEATHER & SILK

GLOVES
EVENING
SCARVES
AND
FEATHER
NECKWEAR

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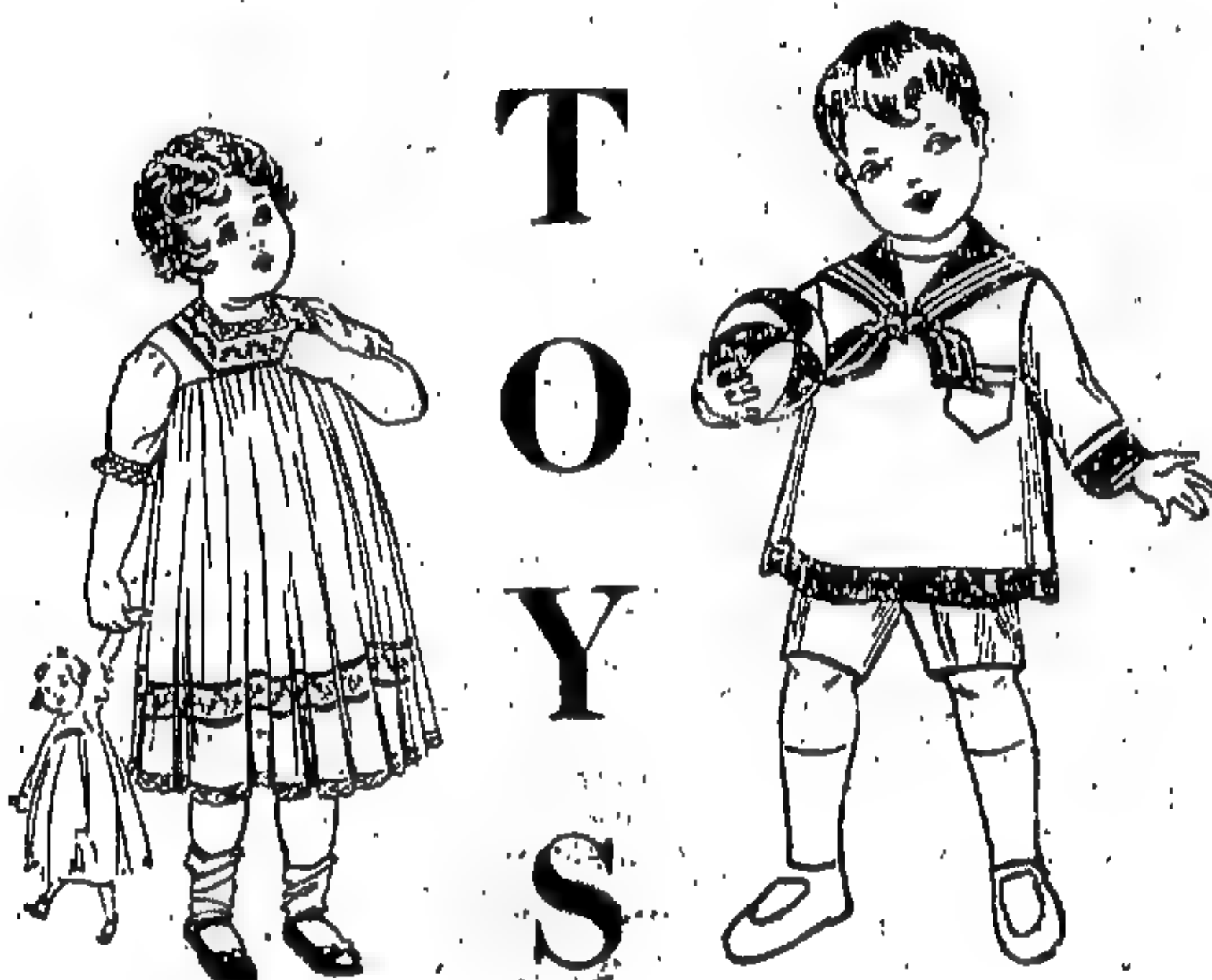
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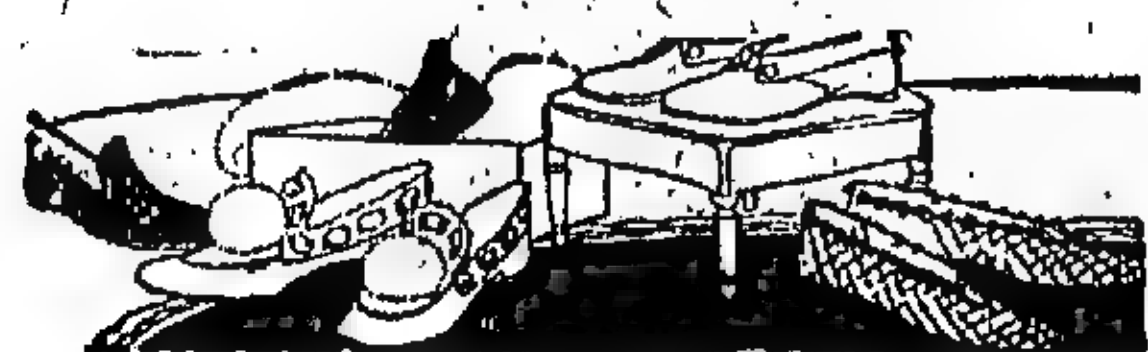
SILVER-PLATE
JEWELLRY BOXES,
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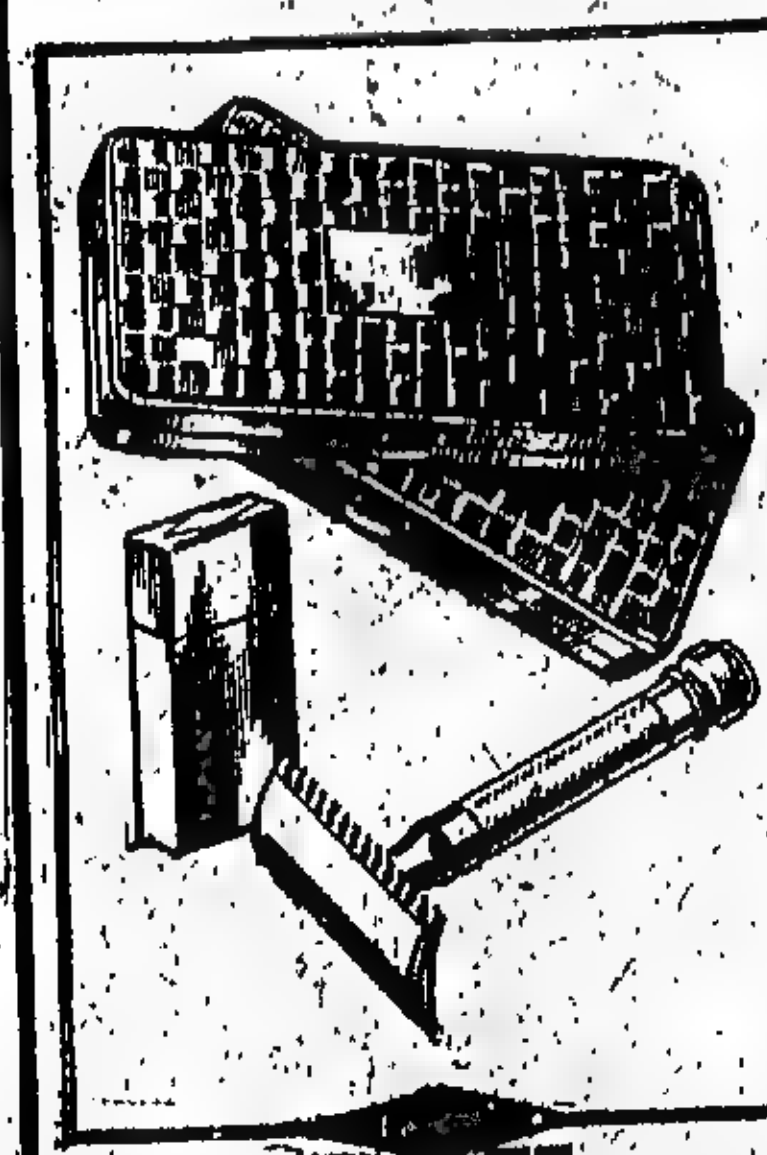
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EVERYTHING AT
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"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 20)

hearth-stones, salt, vinegar, blacking, red herrings, stationery, lard, mushroom-ketchup, stay-laces, loaves of bread, shuttles, eggs, and slate-pencil; everything was fish that came to the net of this greedy little shop, and all articles were in its net. How many other kinds of petty merchandise were there, it would be difficult to say; but balls of pack-thread, ropes of onions, pounds of candles, cabbages, and brushes, hung in bunches from the ceiling, like extraordinary fruit; while various odd canisters emitting aromatic smells, established the veracity of the inscription over the outer door, which informed the public that the keeper of this little shop was a licensed dealer in tea, coffee, tobacco, pepper, and snuff.

Glancing at such of these items as were visible in the shining of the blaze, and the less cheerful radiance of two smoky lamps which burned but dimly in the shop itself, as though its plethora sat heavy on their lungs; and glancing, then, at one of the two faces by the parlour-fire; Trotty had small difficulty in recognising in the stout old lady, Mrs. Chickenstalker, always inclined to complacency, even in the days when he had known her as established in the general line, and having a small balance against him in her books.

The features of her companion were less easy to him. The great broad chin, with creases in it large enough to hide a finger in; the astonished eyes, that seemed to expostulate with themselves for sinking deeper and deeper into the yielding fat of the soft face; the nose afflicted with that disordered action of its functions which is generally termed the snuffles; the short, thick throat, and labouring chest, with other beauties of the like description; though calculated to impress the memory. Trotty could at first allot to nobody he had ever known; and yet he had some recollection of them too. At length, in Mrs. Chickenstalker's partner in the general line, and in the crooked and eccentric line of life, he recognised the former porter of Sir Joseph Bowley; an apologetic innocent, who had connected himself in Trotty's mind with Mrs. Chickenstalker years ago, by giving him admission to the mansion where he had confessed his obligations to that lady, and drawn on his unlucky head such grave reproach.

Trotty had little interest in a change like this, after the changes he had seen; but association is very

strong sometimes; and he looked involuntarily behind the parlour-door, where the accounts of credit customers were usually kept in chalk. There was no record of his name. Some names were there, but they were strange to him, and infinitely fewer than of old; from which he argued that the porter was an advocate of ready-money transactions, and on coming into the business had looked pretty sharp after the Chickenstalker defaulters.

So desolate was Trotty, and so mournful for the youth and promise of his blighted child, that it was a sorrow to him, even to have no place in Mrs. Chickenstalker's ledger.

"What sort of a night is it, Anne?" inquired the former porter of Sir Joseph Bowley, stretching out his legs before the fire, and rubbing as much of them as his short arms could reach; with an air that added, "Here I am if it's bad, and I don't want to go out if it's good."

"Blowing and sleeting hard," returned his wife; "and threatening snow. Dark. And very cold."

"I'm glad to think we had muffins," said the former porter, in the tone of one who had set his conscience at rest. "It's a sort of night that's meant for muffins. Likewise crumpets. Also Sally Lunn's."

The former porter mentioned each successive kind of eatable, as if he were musingly summing up his good actions. After which, he rubbed his fat legs as before, and jerking them at the knees to get the fire upon the yet unroasted parts, laughed as if somebody had tickled him.

"You're in spirits, Tugby, my dear," observed his wife.

The firm was Tugby, late Chickenstalker.

"No," said Tugby. "No. Not particular. I'm a little elevated. The muffins came so pat!"

With that he chuckled until he was black in the face; and had so much ado to become any other colour, that his fat legs took the strangest excursions into the air. Nor were they reduced to anything like decorum until Mrs. Tugby had thumped him violently on the back, and shaken him as if he were a great bottle.

"Good gracious, goodness, lord-mercy bless and save the man!" cried Mrs. Tugby, in great terror. "What's he doing?"

Mr. Tugby wiped his eyes, and faintly repeated that he found himself a little elevated.

"Then don't be so again, that's a dear good soul," said Mrs. Tugby, "if you don't want to frighten me to death, with your struggling and fighting!"

Mr. Tugby said he wouldn't; but his whole existence was a fight, in which, if any judgment might be founded on the constantly-increasing shortness of his breath, and the deepening purple of his face, he was always getting the worst of it.

"So it's blowing and sleeting, and threatening snow; and it's dark, and very cold, is it, my dear?" said Mr. Tugby, looking at the fire, and reverting to the cream and marrow of his temporary elevation.

"Hard weather indeed," returned his wife, shaking her head.

"Ay, ay! Years," said Mr. Tugby, "are like Christians in that respect. Some of 'em die hard; some of 'em die easy. This one hasn't many days to run, and is making a fight for it. I like him all the better. There's a customer, my love!"

Attentive to the rattling door, Mrs. Tugby had already risen.

"Now, then!" said that lady, passing out into the little shop. "What's wanted? Oh! I beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure. I didn't think it was you."

She made this apology to a gentleman in black, who, with his wrists tucked up, and his hat cocked loungingly one on side, and his hands in his pockets, sat down astride on the table-beer barrel, and nodded in return.

"This is a bad business upstairs, Mrs. Tugby," said the gentleman. "The man can't live."

"Not the back-attic can't!" cried Tugby, coming out into the shop to join the conference.

"The back-attic, Mr. Tugby," said the gentleman, "is coming downstairs fast, and will be below the basement very soon."

Looking by turns at Tugby and his wife, he sounded the barrel with his knuckles for the depth of beer, and having found it, played a tune upon the empty part.

"The back-attic, Mr. Tugby," said the gentleman—Tugby having stood in silent consternation for some time—"is going."

"Then," said Tugby, turning to his wife, "he must go, you know, before he's gone."

"I don't think you can move him," said the gentleman, shaking his head. "I wouldn't take the responsibility of saying it could be done myself. You had better leave him where he is. He can't live long."

"It's the only subject," said Tugby, bringing the butter-plate down upon the counter with a crash, by weighing his fist on it; "that we've ever had a word upon, she and me, and look what it comes to! He's going to die here, after all. Going to die upon the premises. Going to die in our house!"

"And where should he have died, Tugby?" cried his wife.

"In the workhouse," he returned.

"What are workhouses made for?" "Not for that," said Mrs. Tugby, with great energy. "Not for that! Neither did I marry you for that. Don't think it Tugby. I won't have it. I won't allow it. I'd be separated first, and never see your face again. When my widow's name stood over that door, as it did for many, many years—this house being known as Mrs. Chickenstalker's far and wide, and never known but to its honest credit and its good-report—when my widow's name stood over that door, Tugby, I knew him as a handsome, steady, manly, independent youth; I knew her as the sweetest-looking, sweetest-tempered girl eyes ever saw; I knew her father (poor old creature, he fell down from the steps walking in his sleep, and killed himself) for the simplest, hardest-working, childest-hearted man that ever drew the breath of life; and when I turn them out of house and home, may angels turn me out of heaven. As they would! And serve me right!"

Her old face, which had been a plump and dimpled one before the changes which had come to pass, seemed to shine out of her as she said these words; and when she dried her eyes, and shook her head and her handkerchief at Tugby, with an expression of firmness which it was quite clear was not to be easily resisted, Trotty said, "Bless her! Bless her!"

Then he listened, with a panting heart, for what should follow. Knowing nothing yet, but that they spoke of Meg.

If Tugby had been a little elevated in the parlour, he more than balanced that account by being not a little depressed in the shop, where he now stood staring at his wife, without attempting a reply; secretly conveying, either in a fit of abstraction or as a precautionary measure—all the money from the till into his own pockets, as he looked at her.

The gentleman upon the table-beer cask, who appeared to be some authorised medical attendant upon the poor, was far too well accustomed, evidently, to little differences of opinion between man and wife, to interpose any remark in this instance. He sat softly whistling, and turning little drops of beer out of the tap upon the ground, until there was a perfect calm; when he raised his head, and said to Mrs. Tugby, late Chickenstalker—

"There's something interesting about the woman, even now. How did she come to marry him?"

"Why, that," said Mrs. Tugby, taking a seat near him, "is not the least cruel part of her story, sir. You see they kept company, she and Richard, many years ago. When they were a young and beautiful couple, everything was settled, and they were to have been married on a New Year's Day. But, somehow, Richard got into his head, through what the gentlemen told him, that he might do better, and that he'd soon repent it, and that she wasn't good enough for him, and that a young man of spirit had no business to be married. And the gentlemen frightened her, and made her melancholy, and timid of his deserting her, and of her children coming to the gallows, and of its being wicked to be man and wife, and a good deal more of it. And in short, they were in one another's way, and so at last was the match. But the fault was his. She would have married him, sir, joyfully. I've seen her heart swell, many times afterwards, when he passed her in a proud and careless way; and never did a woman grieve more truly for a man, than she for Richard when he first went wrong."

"Oh! he went wrong, did he?" said the gentleman, pulling out the vent-peg of the table-beer, and trying to peep down into the barrel through the hole.

"Well, sir, I don't know that he rightly understood himself, you see. I think his mind was troubled by their having broke with one another; and that but for being ashamed before the gentlemen, and perhaps for being uncertain too, how she might take it, he'd have gone through any suffering or trial to have had Meg's promise and Meg's hand again. That's my belief. He never said so; more's the pity! He took to drinking, idling, bad companions—all the best resources that were to be so much better for him than the home he might have had. He lost his looks, his character, his health, his strength, his friends, his work—everything!"

"He didn't lose everything, Mrs. Tugby," returned the gentleman, "because he gained a wife; and I want to know how he gained her."

"I'm coming to it, sir, in a moment. This went on for years and years—he sinking lower and lower; she enduring, poor thing, miseries enough to wear her life away. At last, he was so cast down, and cast out, that no one would employ or notice him; and doors were shut upon him, go where he would. Applying from place to place, and door to door; and coming for the hundredth time to one gentle-

man who had often and often tried him (he was a good workman to the very end); that gentleman, who knew his history, said, 'I believe you are incorrigible; there is only one person in the world who has a chance of reclaiming you; ask me to trust you no more, until she tries to do it.' Something like that, in his anger and vexation."

"Ah!" said the gentleman.

"Well, sir, he went to her, and knelt to her; said it was so; said it ever had been so; and made a prayer to her to save him."

"And she?—Don't distress yourself, Mrs. Tugby."

"She came to me that night to ask me about living here. 'What he was once to me,' she said, 'is buried in a grave, side by side with what I was to him. But I have thought of this; and I will make the trial. In the hope of saving him; for the love of the light-hearted girl (you remember her) who was to have been married on a New Year's Day; and for the love of her Richard.' And she said he had come to her from Lillian, and Lillian had trusted to him, and she never could forget that. 'So they were married; and when they came home here, and I saw them, I hoped that such prophecies as parted them when they were young, may not often fulfil themselves as they did in this case, or I wouldn't be the makers of them for a mine of gold.'"

The gentleman got off the cask, and stretched himself, observing—

"I suppose he used her ill, as soon as they were married?"

"I don't think he ever did that," said Mrs. Tugby, shaking her head, and wiping her eyes. "He went on better for a short time; but his habits were too old and strong to be got rid of; he soon fell back a little; and was falling fast back, when his illness came so strong upon him. I think he has always felt for her. I am sure he has. I have seen him, in his crying fits and tremblings, try to kiss her hand; and I have heard him call her 'Meg,' and say it was her nineteenth birthday. There he has been lying, now, three weeks and months. Between him and her baby, she has not been able to do her old work; and by not being able to be regular, she has lost it, even if she could have done it. How they have lived, I hardly know!"

"I know," muttered Mr. Tugby, looking at the till, and round the shop; and at his wife, and rolling his head with immense intelligence. "Like fighting cocks!"

He was interrupted by a cry—a sound of lamentation—from the upper storey of the house. The gentleman moved hurriedly to the door.

"My friend," he said, looking back, "you needn't discuss whether he shall be removed or not. He has spared you that trouble, I believe."

Saying so, he ran upstairs, followed by Mrs. Tugby; while Mr. Tugby panted and grumbled after them at leisure, being rendered more than commonly short-winded by the weight of the till, in which there had been an inconvenient quantity of copper. Trotty, with the child beside him, floated up the staircase like mere air. "Follow her! Follow her! Follow her!" He heard the ghostly voices in the bells repeat their words as he ascended. "Learn it, from the creature dearest to your heart!"

It was over. It was over. And this was she, her father's pride and joy! This haggard, wretched woman, weeping by the bed, if it deserved that name, and pressing to her breast, and hanging down her head upon an infant. Who can tell how spare, how sickly, and how poor an infant? Who can tell how dear?

"Thank God!" cried Trotty, holding up his folded hands. "Oh, God be thanked! She loves her child!"

The gentleman, not otherwise hard-hearted or indifferent to such scenes, than that he saw them every day, and knew that they were figures of no moment in the Filer sums—mere scratches in the working of those calculations—laid his hand upon the heart that beat no more, and listened for the breath; and said, "His pain is over. It's better as it is! Mrs. Tugby tried to comfort her with kindness. Mr. Tugby tried philosophy."

"Come, come!" he said, with his hands in his pockets, "you mustn't give way, you know. That won't do. You must fight up. What would have become of me if I had given way when I was porter, and we had as many as six runaway carriages doubles at our door in one night! But I fell back upon my strength of mind, and didn't open it!"

Again Trotty heard the voices, saying, "Follow her!" He turned towards his guide, and saw it rising from him, passing through the air. "Follow her!" it said. And vanished.

He hovered round her; sat down at her feet; looked up into her face for one trace of her old self; listened for one note of her old pleasant voice. He flitted round the child, so wan, so prematurely old, so dreadful in its gravity, so plaintive in its feeble, mournful, miserable wail. He almost worshipped it. He clung to it as her only safeguard; as the last unbroken link that bound her to endurance. He set his father's hope and trust on the frail baby; watched

(Continued on Page 28.)

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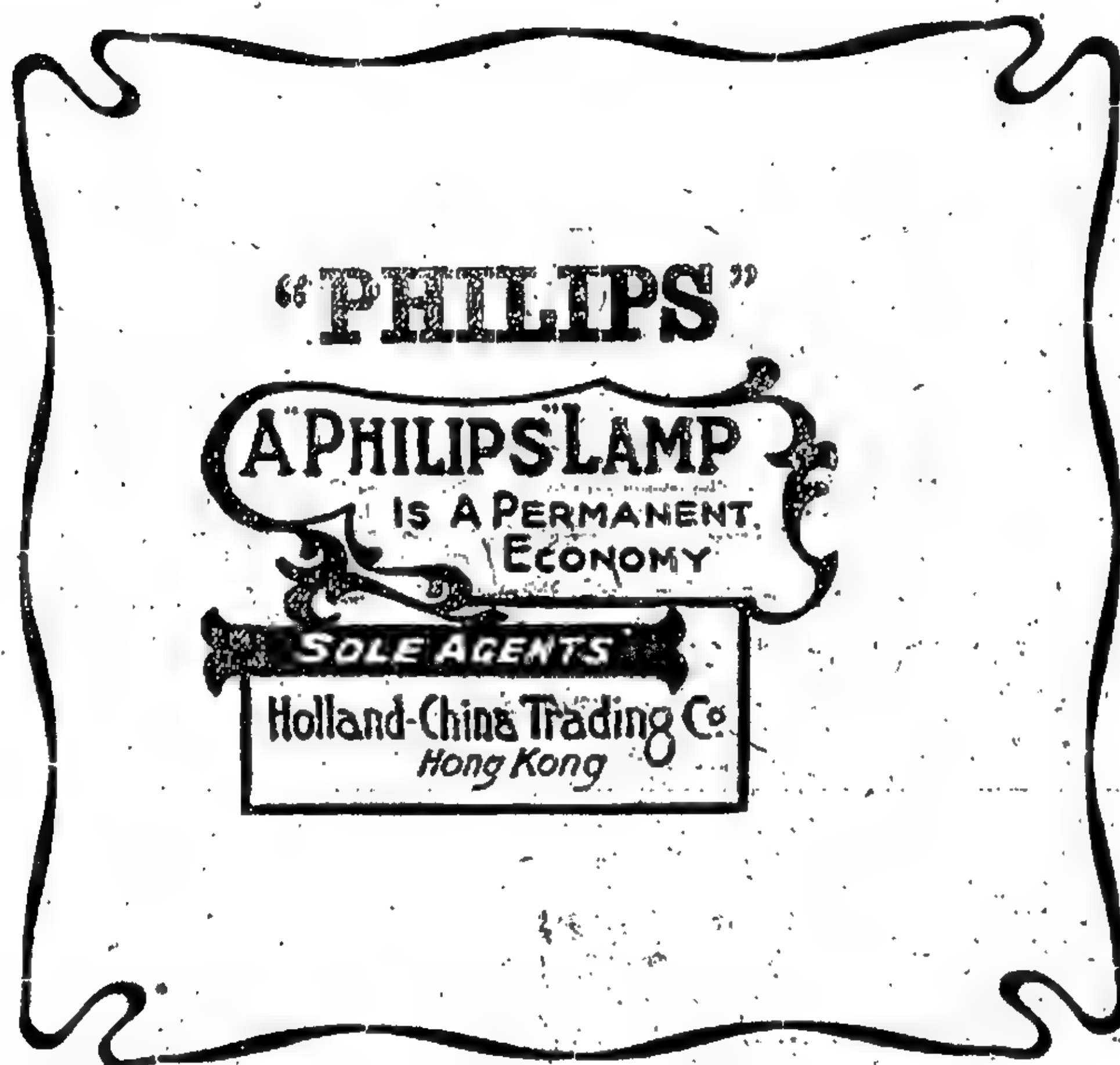
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Hongkong, April 1, 1912

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SWATOW & SINGAPORE.....Dec. 11, at 4 p.m.
PAKHOI & HAIPHONG.....Dec. 12, at 10 a.m.
SWATOW AND BANGKOK.....Dec. 12, at 10 a.m.
SHANGHAI.....Dec. 12, at Noon.
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"THE CHINESE."

(Continued from Page 22.)

her every look upon it as she held it in her arms; and cried a thousand times, "She loves it! God be thanked, she loves it!"

He saw the woman tend her in the night; return to her when her grudging husband was asleep, and all was still; encourage her, shed tears with her, set nourishment before her. He saw the day come, and the night again; the day, the night; the time go by; the house of death relieved of death; the room left to herself and to the child; he heard it moan and cry; he saw it harass her, and tire her out, and when she slumbered in exhaustion, drag her back to consciousness, and hold her with its little hands upon the rack; but she was constant to it, gentle with it, patient with it. Patient! Was its loving mother in her inmost heart and soul, and had its being knitted up with hers as when she carried it unborn.

All this time she was in want; languishing away, in die and phant want. With the baby in her arms, she wandered here and there, in quest of occupation; and with its thin face lying in her lap, and looking up in hers, did any work for any wretched sum; a day and night of labour for as many farthings as there were figures on the dial. If she had quarrelled with it; if she had neglected it; if she had looked upon it with a moment's hate; if, in the frenzy of an instant, she had struck it! No. His comfort was, she loved it always.

She told no one of her extremity, and wandered abroad in the day lest she should be questioned by her only friend: for any help she received from her hands, occasioned fresh disputes between the good woman and her husband; and it was new bitterness to be the daily cause of strife and discord, where she owed so much.

She loved it still. She loved it more and more. But a change fell on the aspect of her love—one night. She was singing faintly to it in its sleep, and walking to and fro to hush it, when her door was softly opened, and a man looked in.

"For the last time," he said. "William Fern!"

"For the last time."

He listened like a man pursued, and spoke in whispers.

"Margaret, my race is nearly run. I couldn't finish it without a parting word with you. Without one grateful word."

"What have you done?" she asked, regarding him with terror.

He looked at her, but gave no answer.

After a short silence, he made a gesture with his hand, as if he set her question by—as if he brushed it aside—and said—

"It's long ago, Margaret, now; but that night is as fresh in my memory as ever 'twas. We little thought, then," he added, looking round, "that we should ever meet like this—Your child, Margaret? Let me have it in my arms. Let me hold your child."

He put his hat upon the floor, and took it. And he trembled as he took it, from head to foot.

"Is it a girl?"

"Yes."

He put his hand before his little face.

"See how weak I'm grown, Margaret, when I want the courage to look at it! Let her be a moment. I won't hurt her. It's long ago, but—What's her name?"

"Margaret," she answered quickly. "I'm glad of that," he said. "I'm glad of that!"

He seemed to breathe more freely, and after pausing for an instant, took away his hand, and looked upon the infant's face. But covered it again immediately.

"Margaret!" he said; and gave her back the child. "It's Lillian's."

"Lillian's!"

"I held the same face in my arms when Lillian's mother died and left her."

"When Lillian's mother died and left her!" she repeated wildly.

"How shrill you speak! Why do you fix your eyes upon me so? Margaret!"

She sank down in a chair, and pressed the infant to her breast, and wept over it. Sometimes, she released it from her embrace, to look anxiously in its face; then strained it to her bosom again. At those times, when she gazed upon it, then it was that something fierce and terrible began to mingle with her love. Then it was that her old father quailed.

"Follow her!" was sounded through the house. "Learn it, from the creature dearest to your heart!"

"Margaret," said Fern, bending over her, and kissing her upon the brow, "I thank you for the last time. Good-night. Good-bye! Put your hand in mine, and tell me you'll forget me from this hour, and try to think the end of me was here."

"What have you done?" she asked again.

"There'll be a fire to-night," he said, removing from her. "There'll be fires this winter-time, to light the dark nights, east, west, north, and south. When you see the distant sky red, they'll be blazing. When you see the distant sky red, think of me more; or, if you do, remember what a hell was lighted up inside of me, and think you see its flames reflected in the clouds. Good-night. Good-bye!"

(Continued on Page 29.)

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"DUNERA"	5,200	23rd Dec. at 11 a.m.	Singapore, Colombo & Bombay.
"NELLORE"	7,000	24th Dec. at 11 a.m.	Marseilles, London & A'worp.
"DONGOLA"	8,000	7th Jan. 1922	Marseilles, London & A'worp.
"DILWARA"	5,200	10th Jan. at 11 a.m.	Singapore, Colombo & Bombay.
"KASHMIR"	7,941	18th Jan. at 11 a.m.	Blay, M'elles, L'don, & A'worp.
"KASHMIR"	8,841	21st Jan. at 11 a.m.	Marseilles, London & A'worp.
"NAGOYA"	8,854	18th Feb. at 11 a.m.	do.
"KASHGAR"	8,840	4th Mar. at 11 a.m.	do.
"SICILIA"	8,700	14th Mar. at 11 a.m.	Singapore, Colombo & Bombay.
"KHIVA"	8,017	18th Mar. at 11 a.m.	Marseilles, London & A'worp.
"DEVANHA"	8,095	1st Apr. at 11 a.m.	do.
"NOYARA"	8,850	15th Apr. at 11 a.m.	do.
"KALYAN"	8,887	29th Apr. at 11 a.m.	do.
"PLASSY"	7,346	13th May at 11 a.m.	do.
"DONGOLA"	8,000	27th May at 11 a.m.	do.

BRITISH INDIA-APCAR SAILINGS (South)

"TANDA"	7,000	17th Dec.	Singapore, Penang, Rangoon and Calcutta.
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EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN SAILINGS (South)

"EASTERN"	4,000	18th Dec. at 5 p.m.	(Manila, Thursday Island, Cairo, Townsville, Brisbane, Sydney & Melbourne.
"ARAFURA"	6,000	9th Jan. at 11 a.m.	
"ST. ALBANS"	4,500	11th Feb. at 11 a.m.	

SAILINGS TO SHANGHAI & JAPAN

"DUNERA"	5,200	13th Dec. at 10 a.m.	Shanghai only.
"DONGOLA"	8,000	14th Dec. at 10 a.m.	Shanghai and Japan.
"ARAFURA"	6,000	20th Dec. at 10 a.m.	Yokohama direct.

All dates are approximate and subject to alteration without notice.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY FITTED ON ALL STEAMERS.

*Cargo only.
1st Saloon Passengers may travel by P.O. Company's steamers between
Singapore and Calcutta or Singapore and Madras in lieu of the section of
their P. & O. Tickets Singapore to Colombo.
All Claims are fitted with Electric Range free of charge.
Parcels Measuring not more than 3 ft. x 2 ft. x 1 ft. will be received at the
Company's Office up to noon on the day previous to sailing.
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LARGE STOCK OF SHIPBUILDING MATERIALS,
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SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

VICTORIA, SEATTLE & VANCOUVER via Shanghai &
Japan ports. Through bills of lading issued to all Over-
land Common Points in U.S.A. and Canada.

KASHIMA MARUTuesday, 27th Dec. at 11 a.m.
SUWA MARU (calling Manila)Saturday, 14th Jan. at 11 a.m.
FUSHIMI MARUWednesday, 8th Feb. at 11 a.m.

MARSEILLES, LONDON & ANTWERP via Singapore,
Malacca, Penang Colombo, Suez & Port Said.

YOKOHAMA MARUFriday, 23rd Dec., at 11 a.m.
YOSHINO MARUFriday, 6th Jan., at 11 a.m.

HAMBURG via LONDON & ROTTERDAM.
LIVERPOOL via MARSEILLES.

KAMAKURA MARUTuesday, 13th December.
SYDNEY & MELBOURNE via Manila, Zamboanga, Thursday
Island, Townsville & Brisbane.

TANGO MARUTuesday, 20th Dec., at 11 a.m.
NIKKO MARUTuesday, 17th Jan. at 11 a.m.

NEW YORK via PANAMA & CUBAN PORTS.
TOBA MARUFriday, 30th Dec.

NEW YORK via Suez.
TSUYAMA MARUMonday, 2nd January.

RIO DE JANEIRO, SANTOS & BUENOS AIRES via Cape
BOMBAY via Singapore, Penang & Colombo.

AWA MARUSunday, 18th Dec.

CALCUTTA via Singapore Penang & Rangoon.
TSUSHIMA MARUSaturday, 10th Dec.

YEBIJI MARUSaturday, 24th Dec.

NAGASAKI, KOBE & YOKOHAMA.
NIKKO MARUFriday, 10th Dec., at 11 a.m.

SHANGHAI, KOBE & YOKOHAMA.
YAMAGATA MARUWednesday, 14th Dec.

MISHIMA MARUTuesday, 13th Dec. at 11 a.m.
SADO MARUFriday, 23rd Dec., at 11 a.m.

For further information apply to—

NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA

K. H. KAMEI Manager.

Telephone Nos. 202 and 203.

"THE CHIMES"

(Continued from Page 28.)

She called to him; but he was gone. She sat down stupefied, until her infant roused her to a sense of hunger, cold, and darkness. She paced the room with it the live-long night, hushing it and soothing it; She said at intervals, "Like Lillian, when her mother died and left her!" Why was her step so quick, her eye so wild, her love so fierce and terrible, whenever she repeated those words?

"But it is love," said Trotty. "It is love. She'll never cease to love it, My poor Meg!"

She dressed the child next morning with unusual care—ah, vain expenditure of care upon such squalid robes!—and once more tried to find some means of life. It was the last day of the old year. She tried till night, and never broke her fast. She tried in vain.

She mingled with an abject crowd, who tarried in the snow, until it pleased some officer appointed to dispense the public charity (the lawful charity; not that once preached upon a Mount) to call them in, and question them, and say to this one, "Go to such a place," to that one, "Come next week"; to make a football of another wretch, and pass him here and there, from hand to hand, from house to house, until he wearied and lay down to die; or started up and robbed, and so became a higher sort of criminal, whose claims allowed of no delay. Here, too, she failed.

She loved her child, and wished to have it lying on her breast. And that was quite enough.

It was night—a bleak, dark, cutting night—when, pressing the child close to her for warmth, she arrived outside the house she called her home. She was so faint and giddy that she saw no one standing in the doorway until she was close upon it, and about to enter. Then she recognised the master of the house, who had so disposed himself—with his person it was not difficult—as to fill up the whole entry.

"Oh!" he said softly. "You have come back?"

She looked at the child, and shook her head.

"Don't you think you have lived here long enough without paying any rent? Don't you think that, without any money, you've been a pretty constant customer at this shop, now?" said Mr. Tugby.

She repeated the same mute appeal. "Suppose you try and deal some-where else," he said. "And suppose you provide yourself with another lodging. Come! Don't you think you could manage it?"

She said, in a low voice, that it was very late. To-morrow.

"Now I see what you want," said Tugby; "and what you mean. You know there are two parties in this house about you, and you delight in setting 'em by the ears. I don't want any quarrels; I'm speaking softly to avoid a quarrel; but if you don't go away, I'll speak out loud, and you shall cause words high enough to please you. But you shan't come in; that I am determined."

She put her hand back with her hand, and looked in a sudden manner at the sky, and the dark lowering distance.

"This is the last night of an old year, and I won't carry ill-blood and quarrellings and disturbances into a new one, to please you nor anybody else," said Tugby, who was quite a retail friend and father. "I wonder you ain't ashamed of yourself, to carry such practices into a new year. If you haven't any business in the world, but to be always giving away, and always making disturbances between man and wife, you'd be better out of it. Go along with you."

"Follow her! To desperation!" Again the old man heard the voices. Looking up, he saw the figures hovering in the air, and pointing where she went, down the dark street.

"She loves it!" he exclaimed, in agonised entreaty for her. "Chimes! she loves it still!"

"Follow her!" The shadows swept upon the track she had taken, like a cloud.

He joined in the pursuit; he kept close to her; he looked into her face. He saw the same fierce and terrible expression mingling with her love, and kindling in her eyes. He heard her say, "Like Lillian! To be changed like Lillian!" and her speed redoubled.

Oh, for something to awaken her! For any sight, or sound, or scent, to call up tender recollections in a brain on fire! For any gentle image of the past to rise before her!

"I was her father! I was her father!" cried the old man, stretching out his hands to the dark shadows flying on above. "Have mercy on her, and on me! Where does she go? Turn her back! I was her father!"

But they only pointed to her, as she hurried on; and said, "To desperation! Learn it from the creature dearest to your heart!"

A hundred voices echoed it. The air was made of breath expended in those words. He seemed to take them in, at every gasp he drew. They were everywhere, and not to be escaped. And still she hurried on; the same light in her eyes, the same words in her mouth. "Like Lillian! To be changed like Lillian!"

All at once she stopped.

"Now, turn her back!" exclaimed the old man, leaning his white hair. "My child! Meg! Turn her back! Great Father, turn her back!"

(Continued on Page 30.)

NOTICES TO CONSIGNEES

THE BEN LINE STEAMERS
LIMITED.
From ANTWERP, MIDDLESBRO,
LONDON AND STRAITS.

HE Steamship

"BENDORAN."
CONSIGNEES of Cargo are hereby
informed that all Goods are being
landed at their risk into the hazardous
and/or extra hazardous Godowns
of the Hongkong and Kowloon Wharf
and Godown Co., Ltd., whence and/or
from the wharves delivery may be
obtained.

No Claims will be admitted after the
Goods have left the Godowns, and all
Goods remaining undelivered after the
12th inst., will be subject to rent.
All claims against the Steamer must
be presented to the Underwriter on or
before the 19th inst., or they will
not be recognized.

All broken, chafed and damaged
Goods are to be left in the Godowns,
where they will be examined on the
12th inst., at 10 a.m.

No Fire Insurance has been effected.
Bills of Lading will be countersigned
by GIBB, LIVINGSTON & CO., LTD.

Agents.
Hongkong, December 5, 1921.

VEREENIGDE NEDERLANDSCHE
SCHEEPVAART-MAATSCHAPPIJ
(United Netherlands Navigation Co.)

HOLLAND-OOST AZIE LIJN.
(Holland-East Asia Line).

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

From EUROPE.

The Steamship

"OLDEKERK"

Having arrived from the above Ports,
Consignees of Cargo by her are notified
that all goods are being landed at their
risk into the hazardous and/or extra
hazardous Godowns of the Hongkong
& Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co., Ltd.,
whence and/or from the wharves deliv-
ery may be obtained.

Goods not cleared by the 13th
December, 1921, will be subject to rent.
All broken, chafed and damaged
packages are to be left in the Godowns,
where they will be examined on the
12th December, 1921, at 10 A.M. by
Messrs. Goddard & Douglas.

Claims against the steamer must be
presented in writing within ten days
after arrival of steamer, otherwise they
will not be recognised.

A General Average having been de-
clared on this ship, consignees are
required to sign an Average Agreement
and pay a deposit of 1 per cent of the
value of the goods before Bills of Lading
will be countersigned.

Valuation forms can be obtained from
the undersigned.
No Fire Insurance will be effected by
the undersigned in any case whatever.

Bills of Lading will be countersigned
by
JAVA-CHINA-JAPAN LIJN,
General Agents.

Hongkong, December 7, 1921.

KAM HING KNITTING COMPANY.

Manufacturers of—

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Manager, WONG KAM FUK.

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Never before was there anything like it, nor can its marvelous properties ever be equalled in all
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poor is it, but it is the greatest and most powerful of the most potent of the most potent of the most
overcoming and expelling disease, wherever and in whatever form met with; removing all
itching, pimples, scurf, scurvy, scrofulous and glandular swellings, discoloured, roughness and
scaly patches, etc. Its effects are almost magical in the treatment of scrofulous, rheumatism,
sciatica, lumbago, pains and swellings of the joints, discharges, blood poison, eczema, leprosy,
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improves the general health, and quickly removes long-standing bronchitis, asthma, and hacking
coughing, spasmodic cough, too often the precursor of consumption.

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Captain WALKER, carrying His
Majesty's Mails, will be despatched from
this Port on or about FRIDAY,
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gers and Cargo for the above Ports.
Suez, and Valparaiso and to Italy,
France and London (under arrangement)
will be transhipped at Bombay into the
Mail Steamer proceeding direct to
Marseilles and London.

Parcels will be received at this Office
until 3 p.m. the day before sailing.
The contents and value of all packages
are required.

For further particulars apply to—
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& CO.,
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Hongkong, December 9, 1921.

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Hongkong, December 9, 1921.

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to be obtained on application.

T. NISHIKAWA
Manager

Hongkong, Sept. 19, 1931.

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THE BLUE FUNNEL LINE

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 European and Chinese restaurant. Li Hong Chan, Proprietor at all hours.
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Wang Kee & Co., Shipchandlers,
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 No. 35 & 37, Connaught Road, Tel. No. 944.

Shipowners
The Eastern Navigation Co.,
 Regular lines from Hongkong to Haiphong and Hanoi.
 6 Connaught Rd. West. Tel. 2766.

The Kuen Sang Steamship Co.,
 201, Wing Lok Street, West.
 Telephone No. 2215.
 Shipowners and Agents.
 S. S. "Seistan" & "Hwah Chio".

Man Wing S. S. Co., Ltd.,
 23 B. H. M. Street, West. Tel. 1710.
 Regular fortnightly service Hongkong and Haiphong via Hanoi.
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San Poh S. S. Co.,
 21, Connaught Road Central.
 Shipowners & Charterers. Tel. 2815.
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Thai Thuan S. S. Co., Ltd.,
 17 Wing Lok Street, East. Tel. 93.
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Sing Cheong,
 Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor.
 24, Wyndham Street, 2nd floor.

Tobacconist
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 Top Corner Pottinger Street & Queen's Road. Cigar & Cigarette Merchants. (Ambar-Perfume).

Typewriter Dealers
Hop Sing & Co., Typewriter Dealers.
 Typewriter Cleaning and Repairing.
 24 Pottinger Street. Tel. 3115.

Wine & Spirit Merchants
Kwan Yee, General Storekeepers.
 105 & 107, Merchants.
 No. 102, Queen's Road Central.

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"TRUCER" 17th Jan. London, Amsterdam & Antwerp

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"AGAMEMNON" 21st Dec. Genoa & Liverpool
"CANPA" 1st Jan. Marseilles, Havre & Liverpool
"MYRMIDON" 14th Jan. Liverpool.

PACIFIC SERVICE

"TALTHEUS" 13th Dec. Victoria, Seattle and Vancouver
"TYNDAROS" 3rd Jan.
"PROTEUS" 31st Jan.

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From SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10.
 Japan, Shanghai, Hongkong, Canton, Amoy, Swatow, Singapore, Penang, Malacca, Sumatra, Java, Ceylon, India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Europe, America, etc.
 SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11.
 Straits, Shanghai, Hongkong, Canton, Amoy, Swatow, Singapore, Penang, Malacca, Sumatra, Java, Ceylon, India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Europe, America, etc.
 MONDAY, DECEMBER 12.
 EUROPE via Suez (Letters only) London 10th Nov. Mi-hime Maru
 TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13.
 LONDON (Parcels and Nov. 1921) Donghai Maru
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For SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10.
 Straits, Bangkok, Calcutta and Aden, Hongkong, Canton, Amoy, Swatow, Singapore, Penang, Malacca, Sumatra, Java, Ceylon, India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Europe, America, etc.
 SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11.
 Saigon, Straits and Bangkok, Hongkong, Canton, Amoy, Swatow, Singapore, Penang, Malacca, Sumatra, Java, Ceylon, India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Europe, America, etc.
 MONDAY, DECEMBER 12.
 Hongkong, Canton, Amoy, Swatow, Singapore, Penang, Malacca, Sumatra, Java, Ceylon, India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Europe, America, etc.

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CARINO **NO ONE'S FOOL**
SUNNYSIDE SAL **I LOVE YOU SUNDAY**
HOME AGAIN BLUES **THE WALTZ WE LOVE**
THE NAMSEN CO.
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 TO-DAY, at 2.30, 5.15 & 9.15

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Friday & Saturday only at 9 p.m.
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